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What Do We Want in Mexico?

Secretary Hull's latest note to Mexico leaves matters very much as they were before. In his earlier message, Mr. Hull had demanded prompt and adequate compensation for the American owners of expropriated land, and proposed that the matter be subjected to arbitration. Mexico replied, as any sensible person must have expected her to do, that she refused to recognize any obligation under "international law" demanding payment for property taken over by the state. She might have added that there are plenty of precedents in our own history and that of other countries for her position. She will pay for the property taken, but only because Mexican law demands it; she will pay in her own time, and will not arbitrate what she considers a domestic issue. Mr. Hull's new note advances the argument little. He again proposes arbitration, or a mixed claims commission representing the United States, Mexico and some neutral country. He suggests that in the meantime expropriations be halted and that Mexico begin saving up the money to pay the damages. His note has been interpreted in Mexico as unfriendly, and no one should be surprised that this is true.

For many months, Mexico has been confronted by the threat of counter-revolution, partly from her own fascists and partly from fascist sympathizers abroad. In this crisis, the United States seems to be doing all it can to weaken the Cárdenas government. We refuse to buy Mexico's oil, and then complain bitterly when she makes a limited barter arrangement to exchange oil for German and Italian machinery. We curtail our silver

purchases and threaten to cut them off altogether, and then refer scornfully to "bad economic conditions" in Mexico. Do we want to see Cárdenas overthrown and succeeded by a hundred-percent fascist dictator? If not, why do we help to make such a result possible?

One Step Forward

Apparently authentic rumors indicate that a trade treaty between the United States and Great Britain has at last been successfully negotiated and that it will soon be announced. Tariffs will be lowered on both sides and trade will be encouraged. This is a good thing in itself; it reverses the senseless policy that this country aggravated by passing the Smoot-Hawley bill in the early days of the depression under Hoover, and that British conservatives furthered by the Ottawa agreements, attempting through imperial preference to accomplish the impossible task of welding the Empire into an economic unit. The negotiations clear the way for a new trade deal with Canada, our best customer, as well as with other British dominions. We have never shared the belief that mere encouragement of international commerce would solve the world's economic problem, but to discourage it is certainly to make that problem worse. The greatest gain of the treaty, however, is in the political sphere. It is thoroughly sound to coöperate economically in times of peace with the "great democracies" and thus to help strengthen them in dealing with Fascist threats. Now that Chamberlain seems at last to be straightening his backbone a little in talking with Hitler, the announcement of the trade agreement may have a good effect.

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Military Survey

A week of intensive effort has failed to net General Franco any substantial gain on the Ebro front. Obviously Franco's shortage of infantry is still hampering him, while Loyalist resources in material have been greatly augmented. On the Estremadura front, meanwhile, Queipo de Llano's drive for Almaden has been checked and thrown back. An attempt by a Loyalist destroyer to run the Strait of Gibraltar was stopped by the Rebel cruiser "Canarias" and three destroyers, which chased their lone antagonist into British waters. British eye-witness accounts of this proceeding leave no doubt of Italian naval assistance to Franco, since it is known that the Rebel navy possesses but a single destroyer of the original Spanish fleet. . . . In China a great Japanese offensive to "take Hankow before winter" was launched with initial success, but was later sharply checked north of the Yangtze. South of the river the Japanese advance is reported as continuing. The Japanese, like Franco, are suffering from a shortage of effectives, but for a different reason—disease. Typhus, malaria and cholera are said to be spreading among their troops.

"Excuse It, Please"

Dr. Arthur Morgan, former director of the TVA, returned to the witness stand on August 27 and modified much of his previous testimony. He first read a statement retracting the charges he had made against TVA counsel Evans Dunn, in regard to the Berry marble claims. Then he assured the investigating Congressmen that he had never meant to accuse his fellow directors of personal dishonesty or corruption. He was merely attacking their conception of honesty in public life, and it would have been "fairer" to have made the distinction. If he had hinted that the TVA might be a second Teapot Dome, that was merely because "I was under extreme pressure. I didn't analyze the situation pro or con, as I can from this distance." . . . Back in the days when Dr. Arthur Morgan was making his wildest charges, the TVA investigation was a front-page story covered by famous correspondents. Now that he is retracting them, the story has moved back to page 16 of The New York Times. Most people don't realize that the TVA has, in effect, already been vindicated.

Let's Look into This

An ugly situation is brewing on the Pacific Coast, and there is a distinct possibility of a violent labor war in about another month. The version of this trouble that we get from the press is that the unions are honeycombed by Reds and that inter-union warfare is embarrassing employers and the public. There is, to be sure, inter-union warfare, which seriously compromises labor's strength. But that is not all. There are good indications that West Coast employers, some of whom

the country, are preparing carefully to exploit the situation to destroy unionism and collective bargaining. When "Red" charges are flying about thick and fast, there are usually provocateurs busy from industrial-espionage agencies, as the hearings of the La Follette committee have shown us. It is in muddy waters such as these that the labor spies find their greatest opportunity and their biggest fees. Suspicious also is the formation of numerous associations supposed to represent citizens, housewives, etc., but really playing the game of the employers. We strongly urge that Senator La Follette look into this situation at first hand.

Scientists and Censorship

A little more light on birth control, scientists and politicians. In our issue of August 17, we told the story of a change made in the recent report of the National Resources Committee, "Problems of a Changing Population." In the original manuscript there was a section by Dr. Clyde V. Kiser dealing with birth control and its influence. When the volume appeared, Dr. Kiser's material had been so heavily cut as to change the scope and distort the original presentation. We mentioned in passing that something roughly similar had happened in the case of the report on "Recent Social Trends" published while Hoover was in the White House.

Professor William F. Ogburn, of the University of Chicago, tells us this statement is untrue. He points out that there is a sentence about birth control on page 43, and a discussion of its importance in forming a national population policy, on pages 53-55. The New Republic stated the case too strongly, and we are glad to say publicly that we had no thought of accusing Professor Ogburn or President Hoover of exercising political censorship. The fact remains that the discussion of birth control in "Recent Social Trends" was painfully inadequate. So much was this true that Senator Warren Austin of Vermont assumed the volume to be hostile to contraception, and used this fact as a reason for an adverse report on a contraceptive-information bill.

"Strength through Joy" at Buchwald

What is life like in a German concentration camp? The Manchester Guardian, which has specialized in accurate information about conditions in Germany, now gives us a report on Buchwald, where 3,500 are incarcerated. Most of these are Socialists, Jews and members of a Bible Student sect which, like the American "Jehovah's Witnesses," refuses to salute any secular authority. These, with their stubborn religious fanaticism, have been subjected to special punishment. As The Guardian says:

Some have undergone a so-called "German baptism." They were placed in a barrel of sewage and asked "if they still believed in Jehovah." The Bible Students have shown

they refused to answer the question. They were then completely submerged in the sewage again and again.

All the prisoners are called at four o'clock in the morning and labor many hours on roads and in quarries. In numerous cases, they are unable to work as hard as the guards, members of the brutal S.S., consider they should: often the prisoners are weakened by mistreatment and bad and inadequate food. The penalty for not doing the required work is twenty-five strokes of the lash, "a heavy, tapering thong of cowhide." Such floggings occur almost daily. When two prisoners escaped, last October, the rest of the men were forced to stand on parade from six o'clock in the evening until eleven the following morning. Those who collapsed were deprived of food for the next three days. Of the escaped prisoners one was recaptured and beheaded. During the year ending last May, 145 prisoners were executed, beaten to death or committed suicide.

A Fascist Spills the Beans

Fascism constitutes an international danger, and communism does not. When a Fascist, holding an important official position, makes a public statement to that effect, it is significant news. The Living Age calls attention to the remarkable address of Signor Pavolini, a member of the Fascist Parliament, who said that

the true difference between Bolshevism and Fascism consists chiefly in this, that the Russian experiment does not make proselytes and does not extend beyond its frontiers. After more than twenty years, no other country has turned Bolshevik. Fascism, on the contrary, is becoming universal. Today, 150,000,000 men live in authoritarian and totalitarian states. The German Third Reich was a derivative of Fascism; and partially Fascist are Japan, Turkey, Portugal, Lithuania, Latvia, Hungary, Poland and Greece.

Signor Pavolini's statement flatly contradicts the argument used by the Fascists and their friends that communism is such a terrible international menace that the world can forgive any action taken in the attempt to halt it. If his is the new official line, how explain the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis? How explain making war on the Spanish government? And what are Prime Minister Chamberlain and his friends among the British Tories to do if their appalling foreign policy has been based upon a danger that didn't exist?

The SWOC Starts Something

When unions go in for self-improvement, it's always interesting news. The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee this summer conducted a striking experiment in the form of a "training camp" in the Allegheny Mountains in western Pennsylvania. Two hundred steel workers, some of whom brought their families, spent a week each at a recreational camp on the slope of Mt. Davis. They had a good time, with many kinds

each day of intensive study on such subjects as how to administer and enforce contracts, the business affairs of unions, etc. In addition to these seminars, outside speakers were heard (including some steel-company officials) in talks on why we have depressions, on labor and the law, the coöperative movement, and the like. The cost was kept down by having the conferees wash their own dishes and make their own beds. The union men went away declaring that not only had they had a royal good time, but they had learned a lot that would make them better able to conduct the affairs of the union. There was unanimous feeling that the experiment should be repeated another year. Summer camps for unions are of course not new; the enterprises of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies' Garment Workers are well known. But it is news when workers in a mass-production industry like steel adopt the same tactics.

Not Mr. Lilienthal

A regrettable error crept into the third article by Jonathan Daniels on the TVA, in *The New Republic* for August 31, for which Mr. Daniels is not responsible. The article says "Lilienthal admits power can be made cheaper in steam plants." This sentence should have read, "many engineers say that steam power is cheaper than hydro."

News Notes of a Week

Danger of another "Panay" incident was seen in the presence of the United States gunboat "Monocacy" on the upper Yangtze Kiang, in an area heavily mined by the Japanese. The United States sent a sharp protest to Japan over the attack on a Chinese airplane with an American pilot, operated by a line in which Americans own a large minority interest. . . . It was reported that Germany refuses to give any aid to the scheme for helping refugees, angered, so it was said, by Mr. Roosevelt's references to dictators in recent speeches. . . . As almost the only bright spot in the international scene, the Chaco treaty was ratified, giving firm hope of peaceful settlement of the dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay. . . . German Catholics issued a sharp attack on Nazi policies.

At home, Democratic primaries in various states held the center of the stage. Mr. Roosevelt continued to be denounced by his foes and praised by his friends for actively intervening in some of these contests. . . . New York's attention was concentrated on the trial of James J. Hines. A storm of wrath broke over Republican and Democratic machine politicians in New York State and forced them to abandon the plan to submit the badly botched new Constitution to the citizens as a unit instead of permitting votes on its various provisions separately. . . . Most of the business indexes continued to rise, confirming the hope that we may have seen the

The Chances for Peace

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, everyone in the world seemed to fear a German invasion of Czechoslovakia except the British Cabinet. Now this situation has been largely reversed. Just when most people considered that the immediate danger of war was somewhat ameliorated, Great Britain suddenly began to display acute concern. Naturally, outsiders have assumed that Mr. Chamberlain and his aides must have had important confidential information, and the war panic has therefore been renewed, worse than before.

The German army maneuvers continue and look more than ever like a dress rehearsal for an attack on Czechoslovakia. Great Britain has sent her fleet to its war station near the open waters of the North Sea, where her ships would need to be to blockade Germany. The French army maneuvers started this week, with the troops concentrated near the Swiss border, a point at which military experts have suggested the Germans might try to break through in the case of another war. The British and French Cabinets have both been summoned in special and hasty meetings. Premier Hodza of Czechoslovakia has offered the German minority a cantonal system like that of Switzerland, which probably represents the utmost concession he can give. Both the Sudeten minority and the Germans in Berlin insist that this is not enough. Sir John Simon has issued a stern warning to Hitler, though shrouded in diplomacy's careful language, that England might intervene on behalf of Czechoslovakia and that no one can tell how far a war might spread.

Edgar Ansell Mowrer, the brilliant Paris correspondent of *The Chicago Daily News*, tells a startling story. He insists that Germany did not merely inquire of Russia what she would do in case of an attack on Czechoslovakia. Mowrer says on the contrary that Germany delivered what amounted to an ultimatum that she would settle the Czechoslovak affair in her own way, without interference from anyone. The Russians replied, through Litvinov, that "this was a threat of European war" and that France, Czechoslovakia and Russia would resist to the utmost. This story should be linked to another one, that a high German official said recently, "they had positive assurances that England would not lift a finger to help Czechoslovakia and that so far as the British were concerned, Germany could do as she liked."

This last story may not be true in detail, but there is little doubt that the psychology it portrays has existed in Germany. The present highly dangerous European situation is partly the fruit of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of conciliating the Fascist dictators. We need not quarrel now over what his motives may have been, or about the possible consequences of an alternative course. The

friendliness toward their ambitions. In so doing, they were aided by the conservative British press.

Hitler, who has bluffed England and France so many times in the past five years, evidently counted on being able to bluff them again. He has put himself in a position where it is difficult for him to retreat without losing face greatly—something as impossible for a totalitarian dictator as it is for an Oriental diplomat. The sharp words of Sir John Simon, *The London Times* and Mr. Garvin in *The Observer* would have been far more effective if they had come months ago. But late as they are they are nevertheless to be welcomed. If Great Britain will only mean what she now says and convince Germany that she means it, the improvement in European affairs in a short time could be great. And if Mr. Chamberlain, having been wrong about Germany and having reversed himself, could only be persuaded that he has been wrong about Italy and Spain, and reverse himself there also, the prospect would be brighter than it has been in years.

Reckless Labor Leadership

THE EXPULSION of the CIO unions left in the A. F. of L. a number of progressive and able organizations; new ones have been added since; indeed, only a few of the A. F. of L. affiliates could be called in any sense of the word racketeering or even conservative bodies. The standard railway unions, for instance, have a long record of intelligent and militant action. These facts should never be forgotten in the acrimony of the disputes between union officials which from time to time resound in the press. Nevertheless the official spokesmen of the A. F. of L. are at the moment doing their best to damage the labor movement.

Consider the record. It is of course an old story that the top leaders of the A. F. of L. never had the will or the energy to organize the unorganized in mass-production industries, even after the chance was handed to them by the NRA. It must also be remembered that when the CIO members, then in good standing with the A. F. of L., made a start at the job, they were ordered to dissolve the committee and cease their activities, on pain of expulsion—a penalty which the A. F. of L. executed against most of them after suspending enough to assure the administration of a safe majority. Recent events further emphasize the narrowness and reckless folly of this leadership.

John Frey, president of the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L., gave the Dies Committee a send-off by raising his old Red bogey against the CIO. Only a few days later President Green himself smeared red paint over the international trade-union conference about to meet in Mexico City—a conference attended by some of the most influential union leaders of Europe

against fascist aggression. These are only two prominent instances out of many. Every good trade unionist knows that the same weapon is an invariable instrument in the armory of bitter anti-unionists like Girdler, and that public charges of this kind have the result merely of helping the enemy. In the present world crisis, moreover, they give the aid of labor officials to exactly the sort of tactics which led to the rise of Hitler and Mussolini. This sort of thing is bad medicine in the end for everything labor holds dear, and should make the intelligent rank and file of the A. F. of L. distinctly uncomfortable.

Next in order comes the A. F. of L. attack on the National Labor Relations Board. For the first time in history labor in the United States has a federal law giving substance to its right to organize and bargain collectively. The Board administering this law has done its work so conscientiously and skillfully that it has been almost completely upheld by the Supreme Court. Both the A. F. of L. and the CIO have under it gained immensely in membership and power. Of course all the reactionary forces in the country are violently against both the law and the Board. By dint of incessant propaganda they have succeeded in arousing a formidable movement to repeal or revise the act. And now the A. F. of L. in effect joins the National Association of Manufacturers on this issue. Mr. Green, with inconceivable folly, not only has aired general charges against the Board, but attacked two specific members out of the three. One of them, whose term has expired, was renominated almost the next day by President Roosevelt, leaving Mr. Green looking silly.

What is the occasion for this strange behavior? It is because, in a few relatively unimportant instances, the Board has given workers a chance to vote whether they wanted to belong to the CIO or the A. F. of L. when a contract already existed between the employer and an A. F. of L. organization. In at least some of these cases the A. F. of L. organization had rushed in to grab members by signing up with an anti-union employer who was afraid of the CIO tendencies of the rank and file. Another cause of complaint is that the Board, by deciding under the law what the appropriate bargaining unit is, has in some cases favored industrial rather than craft unionism. Because in a few instances the sacred toes of craft jurisdiction are stepped on, the A. F. of L. leadership is willing to jeopardize the greatest gain American unionism has made in a century.

Perhaps the most absurd performance of all is President Green's assault on the union contract which has just been signed by the United Mine Workers and the coal operators of Harlan County, Kentucky. For years this county was a scene of bloody employers' dictatorship, as they strove to prevent the miners from joining the national miners' union. So flagrant have been the abuses of civil liberties that the United States govern-

allies. A long trial has just ended in a hung jury. One would think that the final surrender of the operators to civilization, with its prospect of peace and industrial democracy, would bring a sigh of relief not only from every trade unionist but from every patriotic American. Yet William Green gets the front pages by calling the new contract a fraud and threatening to attack it in the courts—although there is not the slightest evidence that the Harlan County miners do not want to belong to the United Mine Workers or prefer any other organization. If there should be such evidence, no doubt the Labor Board would step in to take a vote, under the very provision of the Wagner Act that Mr. Green is attacking.

The A. F. of L. is just now very busy trying to wean away dissident elements from the CIO. That is its privilege, but we do not see how self-respecting unionists could be comfortable in yielding to the kind of leadership that the A. F. of L. has been showing the country. It is not only damaging, but foolish and ineffectual as well. It would be highly desirable to bring about a reunification of these two great bodies, if the peace did not mean surrender of constructive achievements. But it is quite another thing to desert the more progressive group merely to strengthen the other. That would intensify the struggle and encourage the reckless tendencies which the A. F. of L. leadership has recently been exhibiting.

Fortunately, the labor movement itself is not so badly off as these fireworks at the top would indicate. In only a few unions does the struggle penetrate far down into the rank and file or endanger existing relations with employers. Both bodies are making steady progress. Given another spurt of prosperity, the establishment and extension of unionism will proceed as before. But it would be wholesome if some sort of discouragement should come from the rank and file for the tactics of those who seem to be trying to rule or ruin, as the A. F. of L. officialdom now does.

The Doctors' "Union"

A RED HERRING is, to privilege, a necessary stock in trade. For some time the American Medical Association has been in the fish market to equip itself for the campaign ahead. When recently the illegal tactics with which it sought to squelch the Group Health Association in Washington provoked action by the Department of Justice, the time to confuse the issue had come. The legal charge was too hot to be faced—an alibi had to be found.

So, as a distraction, the medical politicians have taken an amateur fling at law. A suit against them, under the anti-trust acts, is "ridiculous." The art of medicine is not in itself a trade, and therefore in the marketing of

action should succeed, they fear—not for themselves, but for the poor labor union to whose necessary activities the dreadful precedent would have to be applied.

Who is author of so tall an invention is not known. It made its bow, under the auspices of Dr. Morris Fishbein, in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. It caught on at once; and before it could be understood or even examined it was being repeated by all the apologists for organized medicine, all who make a trade of hating the New Deal, and a whole host who have just discovered how much they love labor. Mr. David Lawrence, in a strangely belated benevolence, allowed his heart to bleed for the future both of the A. F. of L. and the CIO. Mr. H. L. Mencken translated the lines of Fishbein into the American language, smothered the difficulties of the argument beneath local color and recited nonsense with the charm of Baltimore. Mr. Westbrook Pegler faithfully passed along to his congregation his confused notion of how it all went.

Comparison of a medical society with a trade union is a rash act—even for the politicians in the profession. Your doctor and mine would repudiate it and even Dr. Fishbein would find it an embarrassment. In ordinary lingo the doctor is his own boss; or, in the terminology of economics, “an independent enterpriser.” The thing which the AMA seeks to conserve is the right of the individual practitioner—in a genteel and ethical way—to rustle for business. Its literature is studded with such terms as “private practice,” the “free choice of a physician” and “the personal relationship between physician and patient.” To admit the likeness of the AMA to a trade union—which comes between the seller of labor and the buyer—is to desert the very cause the analogy is meant to serve.

The trade union came into being as a bargaining agency; it was born of the weakness of the workers. It became the instrument designed to promote “that equality in bargaining power in which freedom of contract begins.” The AMA is a professional organization, concerned to further the art of medicine, to disseminate medical knowledge and to elevate the ethical standards of the profession. The Washington Medical Society, which is the spearhead of the current drive, was chartered to serve such ends—and “for no other purpose.” The AMA would shudder at the thought of bargaining with patients in behalf of their doctors. It is the very coming of a “group health” association—employing physicians to serve its members—which has aroused the dander of the AMA officials. An organization which stirs up strife to keep all arrangements between doctors and patients on the plane of “the individual bargain” is not what the courts call a trade union.

Nor can the illegal acts of medical societies be wrapped in labor sanctions. It takes more than union

ner Act is intended to guard the integrity of the process of collective bargaining; it confers no immunity from the law upon other activities in which a trade union may engage. The activities of the AMA that have provoked official action cannot be crowded into the statutory tolerance of this law. A doctor is induced to breach his contract with a health association. Another is expelled from a medical society and his professional reputation put in jeopardy. The physicians of the health association are denied the right to practise in local hospitals—which are maintained to serve the public. If a labor union made it impossible for a new corporation with a different technology to enter an industry, the analogy might hold. But then its practices, like those of organized medicine, would be, not a closed shop, but a secondary boycott—and hence illegal.

The argument which excuses the doctors seems to rest upon law by hearsay. The concern of the Sherman Act—the weapon used by the Department of Justice—is with personal conduct. It has no distinctive domain of goods or services, industries or professions; it contains no clause exempting physicians from standards of decency to which ordinary citizens must conform. Its intent is to outlaw—wherever they occur and by whomever committed—reprehensible acts to which individuals may resort to get ahead of the other fellow. Its general prohibitions, lifted from the common law, were established norms of conduct long before there were statutes on the subject, or trade associations, or even industries within the national economy. The Sherman Act has been used to hale into court industrial tycoons, petty traders, and even racketeers. It has on numerous occasions been invoked against “labor”; and anti-trust actions are even now pending against hold-up practices of trade unions. The fears of the apologists who tremble—not for organized medicine but for the poor trade union—rest upon a legal foundation of innocence and sand.

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What Chamberlain Is Trying to Do

LIKE OTHER EUROPEANS, in the intervals of holiday-making, Englishmen are trying to assess the meaning of the unusual maneuvers that distract the normal life of Germany. They are so extensive and so costly that any technical explanation looks inadequate. The publicity that attends them suggests a political motive. They seem to be one more of the repeated assaults that Nazi policy directs against the solid nerves of the Czech nation. But beyond Prague they are manifestly aimed at the British love of peace and the French fear of war.

Precisely how much this risky gesture is designed to effect, few of us pretend to know. At the lowest the intention must be to sap the resistance of the Czechs to the disruptive demands of the Sudeten minority, and to suggest to London and Paris that it would be prudent on their part to exert the maximum pressure on their clients for a policy of concession, if not of surrender. Lord Runciman in his anxious part of semi-official mediator plays for time, and seeks to postpone any dramatic clash between the Czech State and its disaffected subjects. But the German game may be to force a decision. With his reserves mobilized, his transport on the roads and his western fortifications hastily completed, will Hitler presently compel the Czechs, with their French and Russian allies and their hesitating British friends, to choose between capitulation and a general war? The answer to that riddle may become a little clearer while this article is crossing the Atlantic.

The admirers of Mr. Neville Chamberlain are ready to allay our anxieties. They start with sundry technical considerations. The German army is still very weak in trained reserves. It has no stocks of raw materials or foodstuffs sufficient for a long struggle within a tight blockade. Its staff is aware that the march on Vienna revealed defects of equipment that cannot be hastily remedied. Between the unopposed absorption of Austria and an attack on the Czechs there is no parallel, since the latter have their firm alliances with Paris and Moscow. The directors of Nazi policy must realize what all the world knows, that the Anglo-French entente is now in effect an alliance, and that business-like provision has been made for unity of command and the coördination of supplies. Mr. Chamberlain gave his warning in Parliament that in a general engagement arising from an attack on the Czech Republic England would "probably" be drawn in. Did not the explicit repetition of this warning in Berlin on May 21 avail to stave off the attack threatened at that moment? Since that fateful week-end, Lord Runciman has been sent to Prague to

gambler, dare to interrupt British mediation, however unofficial, by an armed attack on the Czechs? If any ominous movement were to take place, can anyone doubt that the warning of May would be repeated? If it was effective in spring, why should it be disregarded in the fall?

The argument is plausible, but it is not wholly convincing. On the technical side it ignores German paramilitary formations (the S. A. and labor corps) capable of serving as partially trained reserves. Again, the loot of Austria helped to swell German stocks of materials. It fails to reckon with some highly uncertain factors—the behavior of Poland, Hungary and Italy for example. It assumes that by repeating a warning that succeeded once, British policy can veto a Central European war. That is too simple an assumption. My own reading of history suggests that one Great Power may successfully threaten another once but never twice. Precisely because the British navy had its decks cleared for action during the Agadir crisis, its demonstrative preparedness in the last days of July, 1914, had no deterrent effect. Again, because the Kaiser had by a warning imposed passivity on Russia during the Bosnian crisis, it was morally impossible for that power to desert the Serbs a second time in 1914. A great power, because its armaments are unready, may bow once in silence to a threat. But it dare not bow twice, if the threat is a matter of public knowledge, as in this case it is. Hitler may, indeed, be prudent, but one cannot reckon, as the optimists do, on his automatic response to warning signals.

It is common ground among all students of this Czech problem that the key to it lies in Downing Street. What, then, is Mr. Chamberlain's policy? No one doubts that, with an even simpler outlook than Mr. Baldwin's, his central preoccupation is to avoid at almost any cost the involvement of Great Britain in a major war. One need not analyze his reasons. How much is humanity, I do not know; nor how much one must ascribe to insular indifference to the fate of other peoples; the fear of aerial warfare counts for something; the dread of revolution in the train of war may move him, and finally the knowledge that British preparedness, especially in the air, is gravely defective. This determination to avoid war has been legible in British policy from the Manchurian crisis onwards. It gave Ethiopia to Italy, permitted Hitler to remilitarize the Rhineland and absorb Austria, bestowed on both dictators in effect a free hand in Spain, and left Japan to work her will in China. But it would be a mistake to ascribe this astonishing

liberals deplore would have involved the effective use, through the agency of Geneva or otherwise, of some machinery for collective security. But because he is not prepared to make any contribution to the general good that involves some degree of risk, the typical conservative has always looked askance at the League of Nations, nor is he prepared to improvise in its place any workable substitute. Second, he has always hesitated to act effectively against Mussolini, whether in Africa or Spain, because he realized that any blow to the prestige of Italian fascism might lead eventually to a revolution from the Left. Similar calculations incline him to deal gently with the Nazi regime. But considerations of this kind rarely obtrude themselves in public discussion. The generally accepted justification for Mr. Chamberlain's policy is that it has so far avoided an international war in Europe.

Why, then, does this government concern itself with the fate of the Czechs? The first step towards understanding its attitude is to realize that its direct interest in their fate is slight. They are more popular on the Left than on the Right of British politics. Oddly enough, it is now more often on the Right than on the Left that one hears a flat condemnation of the war settlement. Rather suddenly, and very late in the day, a whole school of thought in influential Tory circles has discovered that it was unwise or worse to include a large German population within the Czech State. The Labor Party and the liberals, who once inclined to this view, have forgotten their former attitude, because they dread any addition to the power of Nazi Germany, and shrink from subjecting the Socialist workers, the liberals and the Jews of the Sudeten region to totalitarian rule. While the British Left wishes to support the Czech Republic both on its merits and as a bulwark against German expansion, the typical Tory view is apt to be indifferent to both these considerations. It inclines to write off Central Europe as a predestined zone of German expansion. At its crudest, it swallows the absurd German charge that the Czechs are the tools of Moscow.

But the commitments of France make a complication that cannot be ignored. The safety of the British Isles (to put the case on the lowest level) makes for the closest solidarity. Their frontier, as Mr. Baldwin used to say, is now on the Rhine. If the French, then, are bent, in the event of aggression, on aiding the Czechs, Great Britain is to some degree fatally involved—certainly to the extent of participation in a blockade of Germany, and probably also in the air. Confronted with that unpleasant certainty, the prime object of British policy is to prevent the outbreak of a war that could not be localized within Central Europe. Its conception of method has been and still is opportunist. It rejects emphatically the solution advo-

a firm group, based on Britain, France and Russia, to restrain Germany. It will not face what it calls an "ideological" division of Europe. It wishes to isolate Russia and has used its influence to weaken the Franco-Russian pact. Its conception of an arrangement that may eventually give peace to Europe is a concert (as the last century would have called it) of four great powers—Britain and France with Germany and Italy. To achieve this, it has made its peace with Italy in a pact that nominally has not yet come into force. It has attempted again and again a general settlement with Germany, so far in vain. But its naval agreement with that power is an eloquent proof of its wish for an enduring friendship—a fact that Mr. Chamberlain recalled in his last speech in Parliament. The general Tory conception is, then, a partnership to share power with the two Fascist dictators. Something must of course be conceded to them—here at the expense of Ethiopia, or again in Central or Eastern Europe. The more generous minds will even throw in an African colony and some vague hints about loans and access to raw materials. That Spain also is included among the bribes that are to turn the have-not powers into sated partners, the Left suspects and the Right denies.

This long-range Tory policy of conciliation is, however, subject to one condition. Germany must achieve her ends without actual war. If she resorts to war, she will "probably" find the British Empire ranged against her. War, however, can be averted in such a case by pressure on the victim no less than by warnings to the possible aggressor. Up to the early months of this year the Foreign Office may have hoped that the determination of the French to stand by the Czechs could be undermined. That delusion was abandoned during M. Daladier's visit to London, if not before it. Then, and still more formally at a later date, the French received satisfactory assurances of British support in the Czech question. For these, however, they paid a heavy price. They were compelled to inhibit every impulse of sympathy towards the Spanish Republic, to the extent of acquiescing in Mussolini's conquest of the peninsula under Franco's flag. Late in May British diplomacy backed the Czechs and the French in Berlin: early in June it drove the French to abandon the Spaniards by sealing the frontiers of the Pyrenees against arms and volunteers.

The next chapter in this effort to avert open war in Central Europe has yet to be written. Of Lord Runciman's activities only three things as yet are known, all of them to his credit. He is gaining time: he has staved off any dangerous public debate between Czechs and Germans: he pays close attention to the dire economic distress that accounts, far more than racial sentiment, for the discontent of the Sudeten Germans. But in the influential Tory circles that chose him as their mediator a different line of thought has been adopted. It favors

cantons on a racial basis. The Swiss, however, had a background of common effort and common ideas dating from the Reformation. The Czechs and Germans have only bitter memories and antagonistic political philosophies. This solution would mean disruption. Further, this Tory school espouses the suggestion that the Republic should be neutralized. That means, of course, the end of alliances with France and Russia. She would become an onlooker and no longer an obstacle on the flank of Germany's expansion down the Danube valley. If British mediation were to impose anything approaching these two solutions on the Czechs, war would, indeed, be averted, but Germany would gain cheaply by British aid most of the fruits of a costly and precarious victory. She would owe them, moreover, not to the soundness of her case, but to her armaments and her threats.

If, then, the optimists are right in supposing that war can be averted (and on this I have my doubts), the reader can construct his own balance sheet. Lives

will be spared, wealth economized and the social fabric of Europe, two-thirds of it under dictatorships, conserved. But this result will have been achieved by the massing of military power on both sides. This may be to avert war, but it is not to establish peace. It is, on the contrary, to perpetuate the reign of force and of power-politics. It may result in the bloodless acceptance of German hegemony over Central and Eastern Europe. But of all its consequences the ugliest is the deliberate sacrifice of Spanish democracy in the effort, probably futile, to detach Mussolini from Hitler. For in all the attempts in London and Paris to avoid this Central European war, one consideration dominates. Will Italy back a violent German move—actively, by benevolent neutrality, or merely with newspaper articles? Lest she should throw her forces on Hitler's side, British policy tolerates the unending perfidy of her invasion of Spain. Such, then, is the peace towards which we move.

London

H. N. BRAILSFORD

"Treason" on The Times

EVERYWHERE BUT IN AMERICA newspapers themselves are news. Publishers are news. Our own journals almost daily report that "Rothermere Supports Hitler," "Beaverbrook Warns Parliament," "Gayda Threatens Loyalist Spain," "Italian Press for War" or "German Press Defiant." Yet with the rare exceptions of a Greeley, a Harding or a Knox running for office, our great press lords prefer to remain anonymous in their power.

That there is a tremendous curiosity about what the American press itself is up to is either overlooked or intentionally ignored by our publishers. (That they suppress or bury all items about their own affairs is an old story.) Many laymen find the press sections in Time and Newsweek the most interesting departments, many mourn the infrequency of Guy Fawkes's "The Wayward Press" in The New Yorker, which once took the metropolitan papers for a hebdomadal ride, and thousands buy the liberal weeklies largely for their inside stories of what the great papers aren't doing.

Among the rare and usually ephemeral publications devoted entirely to criticizing or exposing our press there have been The Hearst Worker, The Scripps-Howard Beacon, The Brooklyn Eagle "Eagle Eye," and the most sensational success of all, the monthly secretly started as Better Times and now published as The New Times. Although the objective of every attack is The New York Times itself I select this publication for that very reason. In my opinion The New York Times is now more than ever the most important paper in the country, and criticism of it constitutes a

Volume I, No. 1, of Better Times appeared in November, 1937. It had two mottoes, "All the News" and "Free the Press." It was frankly "published by the Communist Party Units of The New York Times." That fact itself was both sensational and disarming. No one could drag a red herring across its trail: it admitted that it was itself the red herring. But my investigation shows that about three-quarters of every issue is contributed by non-Communists. The sheet was dedicated to the several thousand employees of the paper. In a later issue a four-point program was given, point three being to "expose false and misleading news in The Times. We believe that the press cannot be free as long as it is privately owned, but despite this we shall try to point out to Times workers the fact that The Times is far from the impartial medium that it pretends to be. We demand the removal of the fascists Carney [correspondent with the Spanish rebels] and Cortesi [correspondent in Rome]."

Three methods are used in the attack: first, the time-honored comparison with headlines in The Herald Tribune and other tory journals, to the disadvantage of The Times; second, comparison of Times headlines and news items in the light of later developments which disprove them; and third, the exposure of really secret intramural news. From the first few issues it would appear that the avowedly conservative press was fairer to the CIO in the Michigan troubles than the supposedly liberal, pro-New Deal Times.

With the second issue the note of bitterness enters, the lie direct is passed and a

item, headlined "Red-Baiting Times Story Proven Lie," discusses a report that "Reds in union urge new type General Motors war." It says that "this story is a complete fabrication and is just one more instance of Times policy of coloring news when it affects a large advertiser." The first item in the gossip column, "Topics in The Times," says that night managing editor Raymond McCaw wrote managing editor Edwin James that the office boys had not been paid their promised extra for election night. "It's things like this that make them join the [Newspaper] Guild."

Innocuous as this story may appear, it exploded tremendously in the Times editorial office. How could a note from a night to a day editor, handwritten, sealed, personal, become public? The stench of treason rose from the explosion. The Times, from its owners to its office boys, became aware of Better Times.

The miniature Winchell of Better Times may not be so brilliant and brittle, but he is more bitter. Every item is destined to hurt. There is no picturesque, Winchellesque contribution to the American language, but thrusts such as these:

What prominent member of the classified-advertising department is greatly interested in the German-American Bund, the Nazi organization?

When Colonel Adler is in uniform his chauffeur must give him the regular army salute. . . .

What semi-executive had better stop making passes at the girls in his department if he doesn't want to be reported or arrested? . . . The only reason he hasn't been turned in, is because of his wife and baby. . . .

Joe Shaplen now calls Oliver Holden "Fink." And Holden calls Shaplen "Trotskyite". . . .

Despite The Times editorials favoring a boycott of Japan, the ornaments on The Times Xmas trees were marked "Made in Japan."

Speaking of Carney, his cable to Sulzberger to the effect that the other correspondents would not accept him socially because he didn't wear riding boots arouses our sympathy.

When X—— was fired for Guild activity his job was given to Y——, spy for the fourteenth floor in the advertising department.

Alexander Kerensky's tour of the U. S. . . . was sponsored by Simeon Strunsky. . . .

Harold Denny will soon be withdrawing from Moscow. . . .

Olin Downes, music critic, was one of the sponsors of an affair for the benefit of Loyalist Spain recently, but lost his nerve. . . .

Arthur Hays Sulzberger told George Seldes not long ago that he would like to fire William Carney, General Franco's press agent on The Times payroll, but couldn't do so now for fear of losing face.

Investigation shows the majority of these paragraphs to be true, but I object to the last item. Mr. Sulzberger did not tell me he would like to fire Carney.

the whole question of the reliability of Better Times.

The cheap and easy answer is to say, as the Romans did, "fake in one thing, fake in all," and dismiss the magazine entirely. That is what The Times itself did recently when it condemned the La Follette Civil Liberties reports because in the 2,500 cases of industry employing spies and thugs there were eight cases questioned and one proved an error. On this error The Times condemned the fourteen volumes of documentary evidence and 2,492 unchallenged cases.

I have made a fairly thorough investigation of the entire file of Better Times and The New York Times. I find to its credit that it had a notable scoop on Henry Luce's offer to buy the paper and Mr. Sulzberger's rejection. As for the price, Better Times reported \$15,000,000 and the fact is that \$40,000,000 was offered. On the other hand, the story that The Times has invited Franklin D. Roosevelt to its editorship after 1940 is generally denied. It is true there is such talk in the air, but no action has been taken.

To the credit of Better Times must go the exposure of the war correspondence from Spain, both the publication of false news from William P. Carney and the continual badgering of Herbert L. Matthews, correspondent with the Loyalists. Better Times holds the publisher himself responsible for the situation, but the present writer, having been in Spain when the telegrams of censure were sent to Matthews and having placed the evidence before Mr. Sulzberger himself, is convinced that the publisher is in no way guilty. The facts in the case should be of general interest.

It is now well known that reactionary Catholics (as distinguished from liberal Catholics, who are either for the Loyalist government or are neutral) have used tremendous pressure, including threats of boycott and cancellation of advertising, to change the opinion of American newspapers regarding the war in Spain. Father Curran, head of the Catholic Truth Society, boasted¹ that because he controlled \$20,000 worth of business he changed the policy of a Brooklyn daily from pro-Loyalist to pro-Fascist. The Catholic attack on The Times has been even stronger.

The Times had in Madrid from the first days of the Republic Carney, a former Hearst man. Carney suddenly began to support the clerico-fascist Robles-Lerroux regime in Madrid in 1933. In 1934 he shared expenses for a Spanish journalist who brought the authentic story of how the clerico-fascist regime had imported Moors and massacred and wounded 5,000 persons in the Asturias. Carney did not use the story, but Jay Allen (then of The Chicago Tribune) did. On October 9, 1934, Carney sent a story about Allen himself to The Times. Leland Stowe of The Herald Tribune protested to managing editor James against its use. It was biased, inaccurate and according to Stowe

both false and libelous. The clerico-fascists at that time were imprisoning or killing Socialists and Carney claimed Allen was harboring refugees from this terror.

In 1936, when the civil war broke out, Carney, according to the censorship officials, tried to name in his dispatches the places where the defense lines of Madrid, the batteries, and notably the anti-aircraft guns, were placed. He was told repeatedly he must not give military information. In December he went to Paris and prepared an 11,000-word attack on Loyalist Spain, most of it distorted and part of it untrue. The Paris office of The Times refused to send it, but Carney got it filed. In this story the location of every anti-aircraft battery in Madrid is revealed. Incidentally, in this dispatch Carney says Madrid cannot be considered an open city (under the rules of war), whereas in The Times of March 16, 1937, Franco himself calls it "an open city."

At the time of the capture of Teruel by the Loyalists, Carney reported a week later the recapture by Franco. It is certainly possible that this was an error due to false information, but whereas other correspondents with the Rebels merely cabled the falsehood, Carney gave a description of marches within the recaptured city, rejoicing and celebrations—all untrue. Carney, with the Fascists, has repeatedly reported events within the Loyalist lines about which he could know nothing at first hand. On July 11, 1938, he put into the mouths of American prisoners a statement that the American Friends of Spanish Democracy was a propaganda outfit "connected somehow with United States communists." Both the Reverend Herman F. Reissig and Bishop Robert L. Paddock protested this falsehood which had been disproved in *The Times* itself months ago, but *The Times* permitted Carney to repeat it and without investigation wrote an editorial upholding Carney. The exposure of such practices by *Better Times* and *The New Times* is obviously wholesome.

As for Herbert Matthews, he was decorated by Mussolini for his war correspondence in Ethiopia. He then said and still believes that the Italian troops were excellent there and the invasion probably for the best. He was friendly to Italy when he came to Spain. He has of course sympathized with the Loyalists, like everyone else in a position to know the facts. But from the very beginning he has been held in check by The Times' editors, whereas Carney has had a free hand.

Better Times tells the story of how the cable and managing editors have insulted and intimidated Matthews. When I asked Mr. Sulzberger about it he told me he has never heard of such actions, and I believe him. But I know that Better Times is right, and I have not had the facts from Matthews. The mystery is easily explained: when the telegrams from New York saying "Stop sending propaganda" and "Why do you say there were Italians at Guadalajara when

Madrid, Ilse Kolczar, the censor, showed them around.

Better Times states (January, 1938, page 3, col. 1) that Clarence Howell, a Catholic convert and head of the cable desk, and "the Fascist phalanx in the bull pen"—night managing editor Raymond McCaw and his assistants, Clarence Howell, Neil MacNeil and Harvey Getzloe—are pro-Franco, anti-Matthews, pro-Carney. One of this group is believed responsible for the change between the first and city editions of the headline on Father Duffee's address, PRIEST DEFENDS FASCIST NATIONS, to PRIEST SEES SOVIET REAL FOE OF U. S. This is a typical case of slanting Times headlines until they become Hearstian in their Red-baiting. McCaw is accused by Better Times of being responsible for the order to substitute "insurgent troops" wherever Matthews wrote "Italian troops." This also parallels Hearst's order to change the Associated Press and United Press cables, using "Reds" for "Loyalists," proof of which I have in letters from these agencies.

"In vain," continues *Better Times*, "the copy reader protested that the whole point of the story was Matthews' proofs of military intervention by Mussolini. So he carried out his orders with malicious glee when he came to a line declaring 'these troops were Italians and nothing but Italians.'" The reader may have seen the Matthews story, which concluded, "These troops were insurgents and nothing but insurgents."

Better Times further charges the assistant editors with sending a pro-Fascist to head the copy desk for a while, describes his discomfiture and transfer and also sees a plot in the orders which prevented Matthews' vacation from coinciding with Sulzberger's trip to Europe. But its full bitterness was apparent in its February issue when Better Times, reporting the publisher's speech at Chapel Hill, added:

Mr. Sulzberger is quoted as saying of the Spanish War, "I confess to a vast sense of relief that I do not have to take sides either with Loyalist or Rebel." He is glad he is not compelled to choose between right and wrong. Normal persons, and certainly the masses of the people, will feel horror at such disintegration.

Such an editorial opinion is hard to understand. If the Communist unit knows what is really happening at The Times, and it gives factual evidence it knows a lot, it should also understand that Arthur Hays Sulzberger is a convinced neutral-liberal, that his intentions are honest, and that he is woefully ignorant of the Carney situation as of other things that happen in his office. It is doubtless true that if the sabotage, intimidation, distortion and suppression that happen on The Times were directed to advance any progressive or Leftist cause, instead of a reactionary, pro-Franco or generally Rightist cause, the editors, sub-editors, reporters and others engaged in it would find themselves out of a

Marx and Engels: Grinding the Lens

THE ROLE which Marx performed for Engels—that of compass that kept him from sailing off his course—he performed also for the Left as a whole.

We have seen how the tradition of the French Revolution passed first into democratic rhetoric, then into skeptical humanism and anti-democratic science, and finally into anti-social nihilism, in proportion as the French historians came more and more to identify their interests with those of the French bourgeoisie and as the ideals of the bourgeoisie became more overwhelming and more vulgar. As a Jew, Marx stood somewhat outside society; as a man of genius, above it. With none of the handicaps of the proletariat from the point of view of intellectual training or of general knowledge of the world, he was yet not a middle-class man—not even a member of that middle-class “élite” in whom men like Renan and Flaubert believed; and he had a character which could not be sidetracked by the threats or the baits of bourgeois society. Certainly his character was domineering; certainly his personality was arrogant, and abnormally mistrustful and jealous; certainly he was capable of vindictiveness and what seems to us gratuitous malignity. But if we are repelled by these traits in Marx, we must remember that a normally polite and friendly person could hardly have accomplished the task which it was the destiny of Marx to carry through—a task which required the fortitude to resist or break off all those ties which limit our views and cause our purposes to shift, as they involve us in the general life of society. We must remember that such a man as, say, Renan, who advises us “to accept every human being as good and to treat him with amiability till we have actual proof that he is not” and who confesses that he has sometimes lied in his relations with contemporary writers “not out of interest but out of kindness”—we must remember that the moral force of Renan becomes ultimately dissolved and enfeebled in proportion as it is diffused by his urbanity.

Marx and Engels in their books of this period between their meeting and the Revolution of 1848—“The Holy Family,” “The German Ideology,” “The Poverty of Philosophy”—were trying to arrive at a definitive formulation of their own new point of view, and this involved a good deal of destructive work, especially on their German contemporaries, as they extricated the insights which seemed to them valid from the cobwebs of metaphysics and from the divagations by which the bourgeois thinkers, as a result of their stake in the *status quo*, were escaping the logical conclusions from their premises.

The early Marx and Engels are quite exhilarating and very funny when they are knocking the philosophers’ heads together with the homely and not ungenial brutality of German humor and performing variations on the theme which they quote from their friend and disciple Heine: “The land belongs to the Russians and French, The sea belongs to the British; But we possess in the cloudland of dreams The uncontested dominion.” One must imagine a more profound Mencken and Nathan engaged on a greater task. Marx and Engels did find themselves with a marvelous field for the exercise of satirical criticism: their butt, as in the case of Mencken and Nathan, was the whole intellectual life of a nation. And so many of their old allies, as time went on, took to professing compromise forms of Christianity, editing conservative papers or whooping it up for Prussian imperialism. Even Moses Hess, from whom Engels had learned so much, was associated with that school of “True Socialists,” who seemed to the inventors of Marxism to have arrived at the principles of socialism only to transport them back again into the pure empyrean of abstraction and who seemed also to be playing into the hands of the reaction by opposing the agitation for a constitution on the part of the big bourgeoisie under the impression that they were being uncompromising but actually—so Marx and Engels believed—in defense of their own petty-bourgeois interests.

Marx by himself is not so genial. His own opinions seem always to have been arrived at through a close criticism of the opinions of others, as if the sharpness and force of his mind could only really exert themselves in attacks on the minds of others, as if he could only find out what he thought by making distinctions which excluded the thoughts of others. In following this method, he is sometimes merely peevish, sometimes unbearably boring; it is true, as Franz Mehring has said, that in his polemical writings of this period he is as likely to make a merely pedantic or a far-fetched and silly point as a piercing and decisive one.

Friedrich Engels is usually flowing and limpid; but it is characteristic of Karl Marx that he should alternate between a blind derisive nagging with which he persists in worrying his opponent through endless unnecessary pages, reluctant to let him drop, an arid exercise of the Hegelian dialectic which simply hypnotizes the reader with its paradoxes and eventually puts him to sleep, and the lightning of a divine insight. In spite of all Marx’s enthusiasm for the “human” he is

manly brilliant. He always is either contracted within his own ego till he is actually unable to summon enough fellow feeling to deal sensibly with other human beings or he has expanded to a comprehensive world-view which, skipping over individuals altogether as his former attitude was unable to reach them, takes in continents, classes, long ages.

We may note the episode of his polemics with Proudhon as the type of his relationships of this period, which remained the type, even intensified with time, of his relationships through the whole of his life. It has also a special importance in the development by Marx of his system.

Marx had made the acquaintance of Proudhon in the summer of 1844. P.-J. Proudhon was a barrel-maker's son, who had risen to be a printer and who had educated himself in a remarkable way, teaching himself to read Greek, Latin and Hebrew. In 1840, he had published a book of which the title had asked the question, "What Is Property?" and in which he had given an answer: "Property is theft," which had made its impression on the age. Marx had felt considerable respect for Proudhon and during long nocturnal sessions in Paris, had expounded to him the doctrine of Hegel.

Two years later Marx wrote Proudhon from Brussels inviting him to contribute to an organized correspondence, designed to keep the Communists in different countries in touch with one another, which he and Engels were getting up. He took the occasion to warn Proudhon in a postscript against a journalist named Karl Grün, one of the "True Socialists," against whom he makes charges rather indefinite but stinging in tone and sinister in implication.

Proudhon replies that he will be glad to participate, but that other business "combined with natural laziness" will prevent his really doing much about it; and he goes on to "take the liberty of making certain reservations, which are suggested by various passages of your letter." "Let us by all means collaborate," says Proudhon, "in trying to discover the laws of society, the way in which these laws work out, the best method to go about investigating them; but for God's sake, after we have demolished all the dogmatisms *a priori*, let us not of all things attempt in our turn to instill another kind of doctrine into the people; let us not fall into the contradiction of your compatriot Martin Luther, who, after overthrowing the Catholic theology, immediately addressed himself to the task, with a great armory of excommunications and anathemas, of establishing a Protestant theology. Germany for three centuries now has been obliged to occupy herself exclusively with the problem of doing away with Monsieur Luther's job of reconstruction; let us not, by knocking together any more such restorations,

with all my heart your idea of bringing to light all the varieties of opinion; let us have good and sincere polemics; let us show the world an example of a learned and far-sighted tolerance; but simply because we are at the head of a movement, let us not set ourselves up as the leaders of a new intolerance, let us not pose as the apostles of a new religion—even though this religion be the religion of logic, the religion of reason itself. Let us welcome, let us encourage all the protests; let us condemn all the exclusions, all the mysticisms; let us never regard a question as closed, and even after we have exhausted our last argument, let us begin again, if necessary, with eloquence and irony. On that condition, I shall be delighted to take part in your association—but otherwise, no!"

Proudhon added that M. Grün was in exile with no financial resources and with a wife and children to support, and that, though he, Proudhon, understood Marx's "philosophic wrath," he could not regard it as unnatural that M. Grün should, as Marx had accused him of doing, "exploit modern ideas in order to live."

As a matter of fact, M. Grün was about to undertake a translation of Proudhon's own work, and Proudhon hoped that M. Marx, correcting an unfavorable opinion produced by a moment of irritation, would do what he could to help M. Grün out of his straits by promoting the sale of the product.

The result of this incident was that Marx was to set upon Proudhon's new book with a ferocity entirely inconsonant with the opinion of the value of Proudhon's earlier work which he had expressed and which he was to reiterate later. But in the course of vivisectioning Proudhon and exposing his basic assumptions, Marx was led to lay down for the first time in a book that reached the public his own set of counter-assumptions. Karl Marx had originally praised Proudhon for his achievement in "subjecting private property, which is the basis of political economy, to . . . the first examination of a decisive, relentless and at the same time scientific character." Now Marx saw that the axiom "Property is theft," in referring to a violation of property, itself presupposed real rights in property.

It was the old Abstract Man again, who in this case had an inalienable right to own things and who actually concealed the petty bourgeois. Proudhon declared strikes to be crimes against a fundamental "economic system," against "the necessities of the established order"; and out of the Hegelian theory of development which Marx had been attempting to explain to him, he had produced a new kind of utopian socialism, which did not require for its realization a genuine Hegelian emergence of the working class as the new force which was to overthrow the old but which was a question merely of succoring the poor and the existing system of property relations.

Marx himself now went back to Hegel to get away from the Abstract Man, whom Feuerbach had assumed as well as Proudhon, and to restore the Historical Man, whose principles together with his subsistence were always bound up with the special conditions of the period in which he lived. New conditions could not be inculcated; they had to be developed out of the old conditions through the conflict of class with class.

And here we encounter what Karl Marx himself claimed to be one of his only original contributions to the system which afterwards came to be known as Marxism. Engels says that when he, Engels, arrived in Brussels in the spring of 1845, Marx put before him the fully developed theory that all history was a succession of struggles between an exploiting and an exploited class. These struggles were thus the results of the methods of production which prevailed during the various periods—that is, of the methods by which people succeeded in providing themselves with food and clothing and the other requirements of life. Such apparently inspired and independent phenomena as politics, philosophy and religion arose in reality from the social phenomena. The current struggle between the exploiters and the exploited had reached a point at which the exploited, the proletariat, had been robbed of all its human rights and had so come to stand for the primary rights of humanity, and at which the class that owned and controlled the industrial machine was becoming increasingly unable to distribute its products—so that the victory of the workers over the owners, the taking-over by the former of the machine, would mean the end of class society altogether and the liberation of the spirit of man.

Marx and Engels—who had assimilated with remarkable rapidity the social and historical thinking of their time—thus emerged with a complete and coherent theory which cleared up more mysteries of the past, simplified more complications of the present and opened up into the future a more practicable-appearing path, than any such theory which had been hitherto proposed. And they had done more: they had introduced a “dynamic principle”—we shall have more to say of it later—which got the whole system going, presented a convincing progression in history, as none of the other historical generalizations had done and which not only compelled one’s interest in a great drama but forced one to recognize that one was part of it and aroused one to play a noble role.

Of this theory they had given the first full account in the opening section of “The German Ideology,” begun that autumn in Brussels; but, as this book was never published, it was not until the “Communist Manifesto,” written for the international Communist League at the turn of the year, 1847-48, that their ideas really reached the world.

Here their glass has been turned quite away from the large and vague abstract shapes which have inhabited the German heavens—they are not concerned any longer even to mock at them—and directed upon the anatomy of actual society. The “Communist Manifesto” combines the terseness and trenchancy of Marx, his logic which anchors the present in the past, with the candor and humanity of Engels, his sense of the trend of the age. But nowhere can we see demonstrated more strikingly what Engels owed to Marx than at this point where we can compare the first draught by Engels with the material after it had been worked over by Marx. The “Principles of Communism” by Engels—written, it is true, in haste—is a lucid and authoritative account of the contemporary industrial situation which generates little emotion and leads up to no compelling climax. The “Communist Manifesto” is dense with the packed power of high explosives. It compresses with terrific vigor into forty or fifty pages a general theory of history, an analysis of European society and a program for revolutionary action.

But to present the “Communist Manifesto” from the point of view of its evolution is to deprive it of its impact on the emotions and of its effect of a searching shaft of light. The case against the Marxist attitude has been put at its most eloquent by Proudhon in the letter we have quoted above. It is true that Marx and Engels were dogmatic; it is true that they were unjust to individuals—for Engels had now become almost as intolerant as Marx, almost as intolerant as old Caspar, his father. But such boldness and such ruthlessness were required to blow down the delusions of that age. We have indicated how both the historians and the socialists had been addicted to dealing with troublesome problems by opposing to them the capitalized ideals—a special export, precisely, from Germany—of abstract virtues, ideas, institutions. These words, which had been performing the same function as “that blessed word Mesopotamia” from which the pious old woman in the story explained that she had absorbed so much comfort in reading her Bible, were never really the same again after the “Communist Manifesto.”

To those people who talked about Justice, Marx and Engels replied, “Justice for whom? Under capitalism it is the proletariat who get caught most often and punished most severely, and who also, since they must starve when they are jobless, are driven to commit most of the crimes.” To people who talked about Liberty, they answered, “Liberty for whom?—You will never be able to liberate the worker without restricting the liberty of the owner.” To people who talked about Family Life and Love—which communism was supposed to be destroying—they answered

possession of the bourgeoisie, since the families of the proletariat had been dismembered by the employment of women and children in the factories and its young women reduced to love-making in mills and mines or to selling themselves when mills and mines were shut down. To people who talked about the Good and the True, Marx and Engels replied that we should never know what these meant till we had moralists and philosophers who were no longer involved in societies based on exploitation and so could have no possible stake in oppression.

With all this, the "Communist Manifesto" gave expression to the bitterest protest which had perhaps yet been put into print against the versions of all these fine ideals which had come to prevail during the bourgeois era: "Whenever the bourgeoisie has risen to power, it has destroyed all feudal, patriarchal and idyllic relationships. It has ruthlessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound men to their 'natural superiors'; it has left no other bond between man and man but crude self-interest and callous 'cash-payment.' It has drowned pious zeal, chivalrous enthusiasm and popular sentimentalism in the chill waters of selfish calculation. It has degraded personal dignity to the level of exchange value; and in place of countless dearly bought chartered freedoms, it has set up one solitary unscrupulous freedom—that is, freedom of trade. In a word, it has replaced exploitation veiled in religious and political illusions by exploitation that is open, unashamed, direct and brutal."

The last words of the "Communist Manifesto," in their declaration of war against the bourgeoisie, mark a turning-point in socialist thought. The slogan of the League of the Just had been: "All men are brothers." But to this Marx and Engels would not subscribe: Marx declared that there were whole categories of men whom he did not care to recognize as brothers; and they provided the new slogan which was to stand at the end of the "Communist Manifesto": "Let the ruling classes tremble at the prospect of a communist revolution. Proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. PROLETARIANS OF ALL LANDS, UNITE!" The idea of righteous war, and with it the idea of righteous hatred, has been substituted for the socialism of Saint-Simon, which had presented itself as a new kind of Christianity. All men are no longer brothers; there is no longer any merely *human* solidarity. The "truly human" is that which is to be realized when we shall have arrived at the society without classes. In the meantime, those elements of society which alone can bring about such a future—the disfranchised proletariat and the revolutionary bourgeois thinkers—in proportion as they feel group solidarity among themselves, must cease to feel human solidarity with their antagonists. Their antagonists—who have "left between man and man no other

ment'"—have irreparably destroyed that solidarity.

We have hitherto described Marx and Engels in terms of their national and personal origins. The "Communist Manifesto" may be taken to mark the point at which they attain their full moral stature, at which they assume, with full consciousness of what they are doing, the responsibilities of a new and heroic role. They were the first great social thinkers of their century to try to make themselves, by deliberate discipline, both classless and international. They were able to look out on Western Europe and to penetrate, through patriotic sentiments, political catchwords, philosophical theorizings and the practical demands of labor, to the general social processes which were everywhere at work behind them; and it seemed clear to them that all the movements of opposition were converging toward the same great end.

The "Communist Manifesto" was little read when it was first printed—in London—in January, 1848. Copies were sent to the few hundred members of the Communist League; but it was never at that time put on sale. It probably had no serious influence on the events of 1848; and afterwards it passed into eclipse with the defeat of the workers' movement in Paris. Yet it gradually permeated the Western world. The authors wrote in 1872 that two translations had been made into French and that twelve editions had appeared in Germany. There had been early translations into Polish and Danish; and in 1850, it appeared in English. There had been no mention in the "Communist Manifesto" of either Russia or the United States: both at that time seemed to Marx and Engels the "pillars of the European social order"—Russia as a "bulwark of reaction," a source of raw materials for Western Europe and a market for manufactured goods, the United States as a market and source of supply and as an outlet for European emigration. But it had been found worth while by the early sixties to translate the "Communist Manifesto" into Russian; and in the year 1871 three translations appeared in the United States. So it actually reached that audience of the "workers of all lands" to whom it had been addressed: it made its way to all continents, both hemispheres, rivaling the Christian Bible. As I write, it has just been translated into Afrikaans, a Dutch dialect spoken in South Africa.

Marx and Engels, still in their youth and still with the hope of '48 ahead of them, had in a moment of clairvoyance and confidence such as they were never to know again, spoken, and spoken to be heard, to all who had been crushed by the industrial system and who could think and were ready to fight.

EDMUND WILSON

Shoot the Works

Uriah Come to Judgment

THE MAN," said Quentin Reynolds, referring to a mutual friend, "is nothing but a creep."

Striving valiantly to keep up with the idiom of the younger generation, I cheerfully chimed in, "Quite as you say, the fellow seems to me a veritable stuffed shirt or one might even dignify him as a jerk."

Mr. Reynolds looked at me curiously. "Do you know what you're talking about?" he inquired. "Where have you been getting your learning lately?"

I apologized for my rural ignorance and admitted that I had used terms which to my mind stood as synonyms.

"There is a similarity," the student of the whispering fifties condescended, "but you should school yourself in the nice gradations of your mother tongue. A stuffed shirt, of course, is a pretentious bore. He will talk you to death, but a jerk not only bores you but pats you on the shoulder as he does so."

Naturally I thanked him for his lucid explanation but then I wanted to know, "What is this thing a 'creep'?"

And now it was the turn of Mr. Reynolds to redden with embarrassment. He pondered long but the best that he could offer was, "Why a creep's a creep. If you don't know when you meet up, I'm afraid I can't describe the species for you."

"But how am I to decide," I protested helplessly, "if my best friends won't tell me?"

"Any sensitive person can't be mistaken," Reynolds assured me. "The knowledge comes to you through a kind of curdling sensation in the marrow of your bones."

Washington seemed the proper hunting ground for a student in research but though I kept alert there was no curdling. In the new House Office Building I saw as fine a herd of stuffed shirts as I have ever encountered but they were not my game and besides they are protected in the summer while they moult.

It seemed advisable to seek some lower stratum and so I ventured into the old, old House Office Building hoping to find at least a fossil by which I could later identify any living member of the tribe of creeps.

But possibly I wouldn't be sensitive enough to tell and the data supplied to me were certainly limited. Somewhere in my mind there floated a dim association with the works of an ancient author who was my childhood favorite. Vaguely there came the memory of a character in a tale by Dickens. Wasn't his name Uriah Creep, or something very similar? If recollection served me he was described as one who would bleed white if he were cut and always he scraped and smirked and continually he moved his hands as if he washed them in a basin.

But Dickens is dead and the folk into whom he breathed life are for the most part forgotten. It seemed unlikely that anyone out of a Victorian album would suddenly appear in the glittering hot sunshine of modern Washington. The old House Office Building is dank. Here are the halls where

hind them and there is the rather oppressive fragrance of a crowded church for which the Ladies' Auxiliary has provided too many Easter lilies.

I followed the sightseers into a large chamber where half a dozen men, quite obviously drawn from the lower branch of the national legislature, sat on a dais. In front of them, but at least two steps down, was a smaller table. I took this to be the witness box, for a man sat there talking eagerly and pausing only occasionally to open a big briefcase, which he balanced on his knees, to take out photo-stats and mimeographed notes. For the most part he testified entirely out of his own head.

Occasionally one of the men who stooped to hear what he might say would throw in, "Go on, Professor," or possibly some query prefaced by, "Isn't it true?" And when any such suggestion was made the professor generally found it true and nodded his head in enthusiastic assent. As I sat down close to the man and his documents, the chairman of the committee leaned forward and, speaking through a microphone, inquired, "Isn't this word 'purge' that we're hearing so much about one of the favorite words of Stalin?"

This time the witness paused for reflection and as he paused he rubbed his hands.

"No," he said judiciously, "I'm not certain that Stal-eeen would say 'purge'. He might be inclined to use 'liquidate'."

The Congressman looked at him rather crossly as a stage manager might regard a promising actor who had muffed a cue. Suddenly the face of the witness was aglow again.

"Hitler would use the word 'purge'," he volunteered brightly. "Stal-eeen would use the word 'liquidate'."

The legislative fact finder nodded his head sagely.

"So Stal-eeen would use the word 'liquidate'," said the chairman, who is noted as a quick study, "but Hitler would use the word 'purge'. At any rate it's a word we get from abroad?"

The witness nodded respectfully. His gesture of assent was practically a bending exercise. "That's right, Congressman," he answered. "I see you have an excellent understanding of the European situation."

"And now about this so-called Youth Congress," said the grand inquisitor, "I read you a list of names. These would be Communists, I suppose?"

The Representative ran through a long list of young people from here and abroad who have been active in the deliberations at Poughkeepsie. As he went through the list he would stop for the man on the stand to give him a sign. Sometimes the witness would give ready assent and sometimes he would think a little as if trying to remember a once-familiar name. In response to certain names he would answer quickly.

"I'm certain he's a Communist." Or, "I have known her for many years. While she is a close fellow-traveler I wouldn't be sure whether or not she is a party member."

These less definite replies seemed to cause disappointment all around. The man who testified was always a little shamefaced about expressing any doubt. Apparently he did not like to admit that even in the dear dead days some of his closest friends did not confide in him utterly. An idealist hates to face the fact that there are human souls who are capable of harboring suspicion

second and a third time he said, "I can tell you. I have known her well for many years . . ." the room began to reel a little. There must have been too many lilies.

But when I reached the sidewalk and found the fine bracing air of Washington in August I had quite recovered. Indeed I was stimulated by a sense of accomplishment. "Now," I thought to myself, "I can go back and tell Quentin Reynolds, 'I know precisely what you mean. It curdled in my marrow.'"

HEYWOOD BROWN

Washington Notes

Mamma, That Man Is Back

A VASTLY IMPORTANT CHANGE took place last week in the psychological foundations of the Democratic purge. It ceased to be an attempt to drive from the party Democrats who had opposed Mr. Roosevelt's personal program. Instead, it became a jeremiad against party traitors, men who were secretly allied with the Republicans and were not Democrats at all. To non-professionals, this change in emphasis may seem less than earth-shaking; practically, it is likely to bulk larger than anything else in this campaign.

The credit belongs wholly to Mr. Roosevelt. It is many months since he has resorted to his magician's black cape, silk hat and baton, but last week he showed that his skill in political sleight-of-hand has not been overrated. What he did was to seize on a letter of Mr. James W. ("Jim Willie") Arnold, Republican National Committeeman in Georgia (discussed in *The New Republic* of August 31), and make it a great issue. In his letter, Mr. Arnold had begged Republicans to support Senator George of Georgia, one of the indicated purgees. Mr. Arnold wrote that this would be the highest sort of Republican strategy, because it was necessary that there should be "a split in the Democratic Party in 1940."

Mr. Arnold is an insignificant wheel in the Republican machine; ordinarily his letter would have had no more weight in a national campaign than an anemic boll weevil. But Mr. Roosevelt used it for a complete restatement of the purge. All those who oppose the purge, henceforth, are perfidious fellows, ready to permit a Republican victory two years from now, with the consequent wholesale removal of Democrats from federal jobs. This is the sort of argument that is bound to have a profound effect on party workers in the remaining primaries.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, was able to point to more than "Jim Willie's" letter. Exhibit One was the part that Republicans took in the recent defeat of Senator Pope in the Idaho primary. Exhibit Two was the frenzied support being given to Mr. John J. O'Connor, House rules-committee chairman, by conservative Republicans in New York City. Exhibit Three was the enthusiasm for Senator Tydings shown by Maryland corporation executives, some of whom have been long identified with the Republican Party. A fourth exhibit that Mr. Roosevelt might have displayed, but didn't, is the reported plan of the New York

servative Democrats and the Republican organization not only make a magic campaign issue, but seem to be half true. Messrs. Hoover and Vandenberg have for many months led a faction advocating fusion with right-wing Democrats. Recently reports have reached Washington that emissaries of this faction have been endeavoring to commit the party to a plan by which the 1940 Republican convention will be held after the Democratic convention. They are said to have argued that this seeming detail was crucially important, since there was almost certain to be a split among the Democrats, and, at all costs, the Democratic conservatives must be prevented from parading into a separate rump convention of their own. It must be made possible for them to be received with hosannahs by the Republican Party, and invited to help in drafting the Republican platform. One of their number might perhaps be made the Republican vice-presidential candidate. It should be added that there is another Republican faction, including most of the Republican members of the House, that regards this plan as sheer fantasy. Almost anything, they say, may happen in the next two years, and probably will.

Perhaps the most revealing aspect of the purge has been the pallid fear of Mr. Roosevelt, as an individual, shown by the conservatives. Mr. Roosevelt denounced Senator George of Georgia to his face, and Mr. George's chief reply has been that apparently the President has been misled by the White House advisers. The primary campaign of Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith was devoted to charges that his New Deal opponent, Governor Johnston, obtained Mr. Roosevelt's blessing by deceit. Mr. John J. O'Connor's radio speech in answer to the purge decree turned out to be a spirited attack on Adolf Hitler, with scarcely a word about the President. Mr. Tydings' rebuttal was a mild summary of constitutional arguments for state sovereignty.

For the last two months, the energies of the National Economic Committee, in charge of the monopoly investigation, have been absorbed by the task of finding a staff. Observers here think that perhaps never before has so able a group of experts been recruited in the service of the government. Americans have been taught to look with breathless awe on the royal commissions set up in Great Britain to formulate national policies; it is doubtful if any recent royal commission could match, in brains, Messrs. Leon Henderson, Jerome Frank, William O. Douglas, Thurman Arnold, Walton D. Hamilton, Willard Thorp, Herman Oliphant, Dexter Keezer—to name only a handful. Last week the committee started its job of assembling data from corporations. Apparently its requests are providing Washington lobbyists with a bonanza. If business men are actually as guilty as their behavior appears, business morals must be worse than was suspected.

The first hints of Japan's new "foreign policy after Hankow"—the course Japan is to follow after Hankow's capture—have reached Washington. Experts profess to be still uncertain of the new policy's content, but apparently it calls for an improvement of Japan's relations with the democratic countries of America, England and France, in anticipation of a war with Soviet Russia. The Japanese give evidence of being acutely afraid of the USSR's military

lost faith in the potency of the anti-Communist "triangle," or Japanese-German-Italian alliance. Under the "after-Hankow" policy, as it is understood here, Japan would content herself with her present gains in North China and the lower Yangtze, would offer to share the trade of these areas with the democratic countries and would abandon all threats against Canton and South China.

As nearly as can be learned, our State Department looks on the "after-Hankow" policy with great frigidity. Experts believe, however, that there is danger it will be welcomed by London. It is thought that England might accept almost any arrangement that leaves her commercial interests in South China unmolested, and that, like Japan, she does not wish to see Russia become a great Far Eastern power.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Exchange "Reform" Again

THE NAIVETÉ of the reformer passes all bounds. For many years critics of the New York Stock Exchange sought to force the Exchange to incorporate. This demand was founded on some notion that if it were incorporated it could be regulated more simply. To the writer this always seemed to be an interesting example of innocence. How the Exchange could be regulated better as a corporation it is difficult to perceive. On the contrary, one of the things which is making difficult the regulation of everything—the railroads, the utilities, the banks—is the uses to which incorporation can be put. It has been developed to the point where it is the chief instrument for evading the law. Pass any law you wish, said a prominent corporation lawyer to me only a few years ago, and give me a twenty-four-hour head start and I will find a way to circumvent it as long as I have the corporation laws to play with.

Now a proposal is being made to the New York Stock Exchange that member brokerage firms be permitted to incorporate. The proposal is offered as a reform measure. But how this will reform anything I cannot guess. On the contrary, I can see how the incorporation of brokerage firms might well be the first step toward the circumvention of any rules the SEC may make to bring about the principle of segregation of functions.

The banking law of 1934 prohibited banks from operating affiliates or from engaging in security underwriting. It also forced the incorporation of private banks. Under this law the firm of Morgan, which was both an underwriting agency and a private commercial bank, was compelled to incorporate and therefore was forced to choose between being an investment house of issue or a commercial bank. This problem it solved very neatly. The old firm elected to remain as a commercial bank and to go out of the investment-banking business. But a new institution, a separate entity known as Morgan, Stanley and Company, sprang up as a house of issue. The latter is a partnership; the former is a corporation and of course a separate entity. The Morgans are still in the banking business, but the

When the act to regulate the stock market was being drafted I tried to include in it a clause prohibiting Stock Exchange member firms from incorporating, because I knew that if they were permitted to do this they could laugh at any regulations which the new commission might make respecting segregation. I had no success in this attempt. But it is interesting to find the Exchange itself, or rather an Exchange committee, bringing forward as a reform measure the very practice I sought to have barred.

In the neighborhood paper which comes to my home I have noticed for some time a feature called "You and Your Affairs." The feature is a five-hundred-word editorial discussion of public, chiefly economic affairs, by some college professors, usually a professor of economics or social science. There is nothing to indicate that this is not an editorial feature in good faith, a free discussion of public affairs by authorities speaking out in the freedom of true scholarship. But the amazingly reactionary character of all of these releases, together with the general appearance of the feature, produced a suspicion in my eye, long practised in the ways of newspaper make-up. I called up the city editor of the paper and asked him what syndicate this feature came from and, after looking it up, he told me that it was supplied by the Manufacturers' Association.

Of course the Manufacturers' Association has a right to express in newspapers its views on public questions. It has a right to buy space or to get the space free if it can. The professors have a right to outline their views of public questions and to get them into print free or for pay. The paper has a right to print effusions of the Manufacturers' Association or of the professors. But what, in all decency and conscience, none of them has a right to do is to palm these things off on their readers as an unsubsidized editorial feature offered by the paper in good faith.

The Manufacturers' Association, of course, I do not feel too angry about. It is made up of practical men who are out for the dough. One does not look for very high standards of public ethics in these people. I feel somewhat more aggrieved at the newspaper which does that sort of thing. After all, it has a sort of fiduciary relationship to its readers. It has no right to indulge in a deliberate deception of them. But through long years I know that the ethical guide-posts of the publisher of a small newspaper are by no means too subtly marked. The newspaper publisher is as a rule an enterpriser whose goal is profit.

But what shall we say of the professors who collaborate in the swindle? After all, they are supposed to have deliberately chosen the path of learning rather than profits, to be scholars rather than acquisitive money hunters. They are supposed to have higher standards of conduct. Were they being paid for these fraudulently presented articles? And if so, what kind of money is this to find in a professor's pocket?

This strikes me as an excellent case for the American Association of University Professors to investigate. It would be unjust to charge that they are being paid without the proof. But there is plenty of this money floating around. A week scarcely passes that I do not get an offer to do a little writing for some industrial or commercial enterprise or organization and, I suspect, at rates sufficient to buy

The Bandwagon

Are YOU a mouse? Are you timid about such modern improvements as, say, lipstick pencils—or, worse, do you think of them in a vague, impersonal way, as you would the war in Spain? — *From an article in Vogue.*

The other morning as I was crossing the Common on my way to work I saw a man spit on the Parkman bandstand. He must have been a Red, because nobody with any appreciation of the historic and hallowed ground over which he was walking would have sought thus to defile the birthplace of American liberty. I firmly believe that all Reds should be deported to the countries from which they came. — *The complete text of a letter written to and printed by The Boston Herald.*

Taken with a Dose of Smelling Salts

The admiral's appearance in his naval uniform with many medals and orders caused such intense excitement among the youngsters that several girls fainted. — *From a news item in The New York Times, referring to the visit of the Hungarian Regent, Admiral Nicholas Horthy, in Vienna, en route to visit Hitler.*

Potential? It's Practically Putative

It is in the spirit of that possibility that Mr. Roosevelt's ringing declaration to a listening world should be considered. Surely Canada will take courage and outlaw

European and Asiatic nations take warning from this meaningful sentence from the lips of the executive head of the most populous and most potential democracy in the modern world. . . . — *From an editorial in The Stratford, Canada, Beacon-Herald.*

But It Makes Quite a Mouthful

It is not too much to say that the "have-nots" right now are more comfortable than the "haves." — *Malcolm Bingay, writing in The Detroit Free Press, and referring to the well-to-do and poor in the United States.*

They'd Give the Shirt off Your Back

Lately another problem has become acute. Britons have talked of satisfying Germany's hunger for colonies by assigning Angola to the Nazis. "The British," as one British paper proclaimed, "are prepared to endure almost unlimited sacrifices of Portuguese territory in their anxiety to secure a more equitable and peaceful share of the world's goods." — *From the Foreign News Department of Time Magazine.*

Go Get Him, Mr. Dies

The Russian blouse of linen is the cure-all. I am praying that I shall live long enough to see it universally adopted. Let us hope that the new sport shirt over the trousers means that redemption is at hand. — *Oswald Garrison Villard, writing in The Nation.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Rolland to the Intellectuals

SIR: Much speculation has arisen over the reasons which prompted Romain Rolland to return from his self-imposed exile in Switzerland. Mr. Simeon Strunsky, in commenting on the return of the author of "Jean Christophe" to his birthplace, stated in The Times of about a month ago that he was a broken man, weighed down with the burden of years and of bitter disappointments and disillusionments. It has also been stated that Romain Rolland's visit to Soviet Russia was the greatest discouragement and deception of his lifelong struggles on behalf of a better world. I mailed to him the clipping from The Times, and he immediately sent to The Times a denial of the fact that he was a "broken man." In a letter, from which I will quote in translation the following extract, Romain Rolland gives the reason for leaving Switzerland.

. . . The good "friends" who consider me a "broken man" do not know Colas Breugnon, into whose Burgundian countryside I have returned to pitch my tent. . . . I still have much to say and to do. If I left Switzerland, the reason was that thought was no longer free enough there. . . .

Immediately upon his return, Romain Rolland sent out a . . . appeal to the intellectuals to bury all differences and

the menace which threatens our common culture. The appeal ends with the following words:

But in our times—in all times—peace is given only to those who have the courage to wish for it and to defend it. Our old Hugo used to say: "Let us declare peace to the world!" We can do so only by being united and strong.

New York City

MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN

Communism Is 20th Century Americanism

SIR:

From Russia Earl Browder
Is getting divorscht
He likes clam chowder
Better than borscht.

New York City

JOE GOULD

Buts on Free Speech

SIR: I am very glad you have raised editorially the free-speech issue first touched upon in your pages by Heywood Broun in his comments on the Civil Liberties Union. I regret, however, that you have given Mr. Broun only lukewarm support in his criticism of the Civil Liberties Union's attitude toward the National Labor Relations Board's recent decision which the

I am particularly disturbed by your statement, "It may be that the courts will not uphold such action by the Board." Such action by the courts would not only be wrong in principle, but contrary to a uniform line of decisions, dating from the famous Danbury Hatters and Buck Stove cases. In these cases the Supreme Court decided that labor unions have no right to publish a "We Don't Patronize" list in order to effectuate a so-called secondary boycott, holding specifically that labor unions have no right to use the right of free press to accomplish an illegal purpose. A decision now that the National Labor Relations Board has no right to prohibit the circulation of certain printed matter by employers as a means of influencing the free choice by their employees of collective-bargaining representatives would be to establish officially two standards of free speech, one for employers and one for workers.

As to the American Civil Liberties Union, I may say that I am not what Mr. Hayes has called in his communication a "free-speech butter." I am an old member of the Union and have stood by it against some earlier criticism. But I must say it has been doing some queer things of late—things calculated to make some of its friends sad, if not disgusted. In this particular instance, I do not recall that the Union, in rushing to the support of the employers, has made it a condition of such support that the employers join in an application to the courts to abrogate the rule laid down in the Danbury Hatters and Buck Stove cases. I may be mistaken as to that, and if so, I shall be glad to be corrected. But if I am not mistaken, it may be in order for the Union to reconsider its position, which I cannot help but assume is due to ignorance of the true situation. In this connection it is well to remember that the Labor Relations Board has not prohibited the circulation of Representative Hoffman's speech generally, nor has it attempted to prevent the Muskin Shoe Company from "hiring a hall" and have Mr. Hoffman make all the speeches he wants, although labor unions have been prohibited from doing just that. Also, the Union has apparently forgotten that sometimes, as in the case of political elections and also in the choosing of collective-bargaining representatives, a mere statement of fact or an expression of opinion by an employer to his employees amounts to coercion. It is this coercion that the Labor Relations Board has tried to stop by its decision, and one must have a queer notion of the meaning of free speech in order to find fault with it.

New York City

LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Trouble in the UAW

SIR: Frank Marquart's letter in your August 10 issue is an attempt to defend Martin's administration of the United Automobile Workers. It is not strange, in view of documentary evidence presented by the four expelled UAW officers showing Lovestone's stock, lock and barrel control of the union, that of all the CIO unions the problem of bureaucratic centralization v. democracy should arise within the auto workers' organization. . . . Marquart states that "the leaders feel that democracy is too cumbersome and that direct and high-handed action is needed. . . ."

Marquart would have us believe that the Communists are trying to gain control of the UAW. In this, he repeats Martin's false charge. . . . Communists raise . . . the slogan of unity in line with their policy of building the Democratic Front of progress against reaction. It is obvious that any attempt to seize control of the organization would mean defeat of this policy.

Factionalism is another issue raised in Mr. Marquart's letter. He himself, being a Socialist with Trotskyite-Lovestoneite leanings, favors factionalism. Communists long ago took a staunch stand against factionalism. . . .

The issue of centralization v. democracy

democratically elected international leadership the right to authorize or withhold authorization of local union action when the good of the membership is involved. And this is not a contradiction of democratic control. It is, nevertheless, an infamous violation of rank-and-file democracy when Martin carries out Lovestone's "suggestion" to sign a contract with a corporation or expel officers from the organization in defiance of the wishes of the local membership. . . .

The editorial in The New Republic which prompted Marquart's letter was fair on the whole in presenting on a small scale the issues within the UAW.

Detroit, Mich.

STEPHEN SOWINSKI

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Three readers have so far affirmed their adherence to Mr. L. L. Whyte's "Scientists' Oath" which we printed in the August 24 issue. They are Francis Myers of Overland Park, Kansas, M. Levi, professor emeritus at the University of Michigan, and Kendall Bass of Owls Head, Maine. . . . A. E. Bruce of Claremont, California, discusses one aspect of Harold Ward's "Population Problems" (August 17). He wonders how long it will be, with the widespread knowledge of contraceptive methods and the violent opposition of the Roman Church to their use, before the Catholic population will increase "to a point where they can control the government?" Mr. Bruce is, we think, unnecessarily alarmed. Experts on the birth-control movement point out that more Catholics, proportionately, come to their clinics than any other group, and the birth rate among Catholics is undoubtedly declining.

In answer to Sydney Yellen's letter, "What Is What in Puerto Rico" (August 10), Arpad Fazakas, an American seaman, writes from San Juan: ". . . there are three factors involved in the development of the Island: the big economic interests (sugar companies), labor (the people) and the United States Government. . . . The sugar companies have formed a system of peonage that would make Hitler blush. . . . They were bound to take advantage of these crowded, ignorant people. . . . Uprisings occur every so often and are put down by a police force which is thorough and efficient. . . . Labor on the Island has begun to exert itself with a vengeance, but it is spread mostly among the waterfront unions where the people are relatively better off. . . . The United States Government has done practically everything possible, but has committed a few errors. . . . It should have spent more money on the people and less on the parks." . . .

What's on the Air?

Edward Tomlinson talks on South America, Sunday, September 4, 6:45 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Rockwell Kent, Orson Welles, Deems Taylor and others will speak on "Success in the Creative Arts," Sunday, September 4, 7 P.M., CBS.

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, in a Labor Day address, Monday, September 5, 4 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include a dramatization of the life of David Bruce, Scottish scientist who fought the tse-tse fly and sleeping sickness, Thursday, September 1, 8 P.M., CBS; Soil-less Vegetation, a dramatization of "Adventures in Science," Friday, September 2, 7:30 P.M., CBS; the Walter Steidel Symphony Orchestra, Sunday, September 4, 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; concert of the Ukrainian Youth Choral Groups, Monday, September 5, 6:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Promenade Symphony Orchestra of Toronto, Thurs-

A Year of the Paris Theatre

THE GOVERNMENT SUBSIDIES granted to the Cartel theatres¹ for the 1937 Exposition and the appointment of four Cartel directors as stage managers at the Comédie Française have established the supremacy of this group. Baty, Jouvet, Dullin, Copeau, Rocher and Pitoëff are the present leaders of the Paris stage. It is a fine thing that men of their stature, who have devoted their lives to the dramatic art and fought for purely artistic ideals amidst poverty and public hostility, should be permitted to enjoy fame and prosperity while still relatively young.

There are, of course, distinctions and gradations in their success. Thus, Jacques Copeau still has no theatre of his own; possibly he no longer is willing to assume the responsibilities of running one. René Rocher, at the head of the Vieux Colombier, has had a hard time of it: the small size of his theatre limits him to plays with but a few characters, though his personal taste runs to splendor and daring. Pitoëff, at the Mathurins, is still in the forefront of the literary vanguard. His loyalty to the poets and the uncompromising boldness of his theatrical conceptions involve dangers with which he is familiar, but which he refuses to evade. Dullin is faithful to his temperament and his past, but his tastes are more readily acceptable to the public, and his Atelier is at least on a paying basis.

Gaston Baty and Louis Jouvet are the directors who have best succeeded in converting an audience to their esthetic principles. Jouvet continues to stage the classics. Guided by a sure instinct, he knows which elements in them must be emphasized in order to startle the contemporary public. His treatment of modern scripts, which so often have more intellect than feeling, shows his great talent for avoiding both excessive dryness and daintiness; and his very personal technique makes difficult plays attractive to theatre-goers who might be repelled by dramatic emotions carried to the extreme. Following a different method, Gaston Baty for years has made a success of spectacles like "The Caprices of Marianne" and "Madame Bovary," by merely abandoning himself to his emotions and quasi-romantic vision. In him, the "escapist" theatre has found its most brilliant representative, and the triumphs he achieved at the Montparnasse followed him to the Comédie Française.

The new spirit, new methods and new audience brought to the House of Molière by M. Edouard Bourdet are a most important event in the history of our stage. The appointment of M. Copeau and three stage managers of the Cartel at the Comédie Française has resulted in a return of prosperity to this institution whose admirable resources had long been underestimated by the public.

Government subsidies have enabled the Cartel theatres both to revise their repertoires and to realize some long deferred projects. They have produced several plays, among them revivals of my own, which could not have been staged without the financial support of the People's Front government. It goes without saying that the favors deservedly granted to the Cartel have provoked much ill will among other theatres, but ill will often resolved itself into emulation—and this was all to the benefit of the stage, which, during

the Exposition, enjoyed a period of exceptional splendor and prosperity.

Yet there have been many disappointments. After the advent of the People's Front, the dazzling success of Romain Rolland's "Fourteenth of July," staged by the Maison de la Culture, encouraged high hopes of a popular dramatic art. It must be admitted, however, that Jean-Richard Bloch's "Birth of a City" did not succeed in conveying the enthusiasm of its hundreds of actors to the audience: such achievement would require the genius of Max Reinhardt or Firmin Gémier.

For nearly a year, the People's Theatre played Gorky's "Mother" (in Victor Margueritte's adaptation). Marie Kallf, as the main character, gave a beautiful and touching performance. Unfortunately, this actors' group was prevented from establishing itself permanently at the municipally owned Sarah Bernhardt Theatre; the opposition came from a reactionary City Council. After a series of performances of a play by Lope de Vega, the People's Theatre was compelled to move to a smaller auditorium, where they are now trying to revive their fortunes.

This short survey does not claim to do justice to all the noble and intelligent efforts that have been made in the course of a year in a city that is regaining its rank as a theatrical capital. One must mention, however, Jacques Copeau's efforts to bring back a cultivated audience to the Porte-Saint-Martin, as well as Paul Abram's work towards rehabilitating our second national stage, the Odéon.

Thinking, however, of our young playwrights, I am doubly worried. In the first place, they no longer have any outlet. The increasing cost of theatrical production is an argument against the work of any new dramatist, unless it seems absolutely certain to make money. The experimental stages, the laboratory theatres where we could make mistakes and learn technique, no longer exist. But there is an even graver cause for concern. The size and terrible force of the real events occurring throughout the world, instead of stimulating the imagination of young dramatists, seem to have crushed it. Possibly that is why fewer plays are written now than before: the number of new scripts submitted to our theatres has fallen off appreciably in the last ten years. But writers inspired by a vocation for drama will have to master the chaotic world we live in. Then perhaps will they feel what riches it offers them.

Everyone agrees that the sentimental anecdotes which for a long time have nourished the bourgeois stage are out of date. The systematic exploitation of the theme of "youth" and the evocation of great historical figures—two genres which recently enjoyed a certain vogue—obviously cannot be the basis for a new dramatic art. The really great subject matter is modern man—man born of wars and revolutions—man divided by contradictory aims and faiths, brought to slavery by his very dreams of freedom, threatened by barbarism, placed by Fate between the road to power and the road to justice—man in his despair and anger, man burning with hope and faith among the ruins of former values. I expect this man to figure prominently in the drama of the near future.

H. R. LENORMAND

Books in Review

The Child's Garden of Hate

THE NAZI PRIMER," so its translator tells us, was prepared last year to be used as a textbook by 7,000,000 young people in the Hitler youth organization. Presumably it is *the* book which is to make Germany a solid Nazi, one-party state for "the next 2,000 years." Intellectually speaking, its contents are negligible and even ridiculous: they consist of a little hokum about the superiority of the Nordic man, a dash of spiteful nonsense about the Jews, a lecture on the theory of biological inheritance that runs counter to the facts, a dissertation on the proper place of Germany in Europe, a paean to the self-sufficiency program of the Four Year Plan, and a demand for the return of Germany's lost colonies. Inasmuch as all these things are the familiar components of adult Nazi ideology, of which we have heard an agonizing plenty in recent years, there is no point in insulting the intelligence of New Republic readers by refuting or rejecting them all over again. It is of more importance to us to note that German children are presumably to be cut off "forever" from all collateral and independent reading: education in the Reich is to be simple indoctrination. As ex-Ambassador William E. Dodd indicates in his commentary on the primer, the German boys and girls are to be permitted no notion of either Greek or Roman contributions to the sum total of European culture; they are scarcely to be allowed even a glimpse of such national heroes as Martin Luther, who had some interesting ideas in his time about freedom of conscience. Beyond the intellectual nimbus created by the ghostly effulgence of blond Nordicism, there is to be nothing but darkness.

To one who was raised in Puritan-Victorian New England and wants no more of any church, whether religious or secular, the German program of "education" poses some interesting questions. Can any form of Puritanism or any rigid scheme of morals "take" for generation after generation? Don't some children inevitably tend to revolt against the assumptions of their parents? Is it possible to kill off normal curiosity in a whole generation of students? And how is the hierarchical principle of Nazi organization to survive the increasing frictions of jealousy on the part of those who fail to climb to the top of what Dr. Harold Lasswell would call a "deference pyramid"? The so-called "Castle Orders" from which future Nazi leaders are to be recruited are all very well. But as Professor Childs, the primer's translator, points out, only 1,000 German youths are picked for these orders each year. That leaves a large number to nurse their feelings of inferiority in private, and perhaps plenty of them will eventually suspect that any hierarchical arrangement of society comes under the classification of a racket maintained for the insiders.

If we look at past history we can only assume that Nazism, like all rackets that attempt to impose a too rigor-

ous discipline on insiders and outsiders alike, is doomed either to explosion or slow decay. The Catholic Church once aspired to universal rule; today it is forced into the ignominious position of compromising with Mussolini, who has an alliance with the Catholic-hating German Nazis. And other dictators besides Hitler have aspired to an "eternity" of one-party government only to find that human beings, who are normally disputatious animals, just can't stand the strain of kowtowing to hierarchy and "line." Cromwell, Napoleon, Louis Napoleon—all of them went up and came down within a twenty-year period. Some dictators—Gomez in Venezuela, Porfirio Diaz in Mexico—have lasted longer; but generally as stooges for foreign capital. And even old Diaz had eventually to fly to Europe for his life.

Past history, however, gives us no reassurance on one point. It is true that Cromwell had a "New Model" army and that Napoleon had a pretty good cop in Fouché. These failed to make England eternally Puritan and France eternally Napoleonic. Presumably the Nazi Gestapo will also fail. But we cannot blithely assume that it *must* fail, for its organization is, in its thoroughness, something new under the sun. There have been spies and informers throughout all history, but it is doubtful that the snide art of being your brother's keeper has ever before been raised to the point attained in Hitler's Germany. Even assuming that disaffection with one-party, one-aim rule must grow up inside the Nazi organizations, just how are the disaffected ever to make their feelings known? With every third Nazi a provocateur or stool pigeon, the sheer impossibility of organized rebellion from within is almost too obvious to mention. The stool pigeons themselves must do the revolting if the Nazi State is to fall from inside attack. But the stool-pigeon type isn't known for either courage or intelligence, so it is entirely possible that Hitlerism will never fall except in a foreign war.

Some weeks ago I ran into my old friend Robert Forsythe, satirist extraordinary of *The New Masses*. Since we believe differently about the Moscow trials, which seem to me a blot on the Soviet escutcheon any way you take them, we cracked each other about the subject of democracy. Mr. Forsythe seemed a little rueful about the ideological animosities that are racking the Left—animosities that have ruined many a fine personal relationship. He mentioned his new book, "Reading from Left to Right,"¹ with both pride and deprecation. Later on he said: "Lam hell out of it if you want. I give it out and I don't object to taking it."

But I don't want to lam hell out of "Reading from Left to Right." I think Mr. Forsythe has a hell of a nerve patronizing the mental capacities of John Dewey. But I think he is funny even when his basic assumptions are no laughing matter. He just happens to have the right personal rhythm for his job. When the face of Robert Forsythe first

¹ The Nazi Primer. Translated by Harwood L. Childs, with a commentary by William E. Dodd. New York: New Republic, 1937.

rose like a round harvest moon over the literary horizon, the standard reproach was that his pieces were "unfair." Well, so was Jonathan Swift "unfair" to the human race when he wrote "Gulliver's Travels." "Unfairness" is no reproach to a satirist; it's his business to hit below the belt. Mr. Forsythe's "Reading from Left to Right" is a grand collection of foul blows. Sometimes they hit below my belt; sometimes below the belts of others. But I must admit that I laughed in all cases. Maybe I'm too frivolous to go on living.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

London to the Life

The Big City, by Robert Sinclair. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 419 pages. \$3.

MR. SINCLAIR has had a brilliant idea, and he has carried it out in a brilliant and absorbing way. He has taken the immense mass of official reports on London, and used them so as to produce a kind of newsreel of its life history that is as illuminating as anything I have read upon the subject. The life-span, education, playgrounds, public cleansing, local government, the food supply, smoke-abatement, public libraries, lunatic asylums, hospitals—about these and a hundred other subjects like them he has distilled the quintessence of a thousand reports. One almost sees, in his entrancing pages, a great city come to life. What would we not give for a similar volume, as accurate, as incisive and as revealing, upon ancient Athens or imperial Rome?

It is not easy to say to what conclusions Mr. Sinclair's portrait leads. Partly, no doubt, that Cobbett's "Great Wen" is, on any showing, an unjustifiable proliferation that urgently requires thoroughgoing reconstruction. Partly, also, that the vast burden its government has to carry is the outcome of the poverty of the poor, and that what stands in the way of easing the problems that burden presents is the refusal of the vested interests to pay the price of change. Partly, once more, the whole picture in its grimness is the outcome of ignorance multiplied by indifference; over 60 percent of the electors of London do not exercise the franchise that is theirs. Again, Mr. Sinclair makes clear the intricacy of the whole pattern. Build, as the London County Council has built, a great housing estate for erstwhile slum dwellers, and you find that the cost of transportation to and from work may negate the improvements to be expected from better accommodation. Improve the hospital facilities so that the non-working-class elements begin to take advantage of them, and you may easily find yourself in conflict with the private medical practitioner. Set up a free municipal bureau for advice on the working of the rent-restriction acts and, at the point where its work becomes advantageous, you find yourself in battle with the powerful and reactionary legal profession. Seek, as the Borough of Fulham sought, to aid its citizens by the provision of a laundry service, and the courts are invoked to lay it down that there is no power in a London borough to improve amenities for its citizens. Try, as the London County Council tried, to take your school children, as part of their education, to performances of Shakespeare's plays,

Poplar sought to pay, a minimum wage of twenty dollars a week to your employees, and you find yourself halted by the House of Lords, which holds judicially that a power to pay "such wages as they think fit" means "reasonable" wages, and that "reasonable" wages are wages which noble law-lords, in isolation akin to that of the Supreme Court, may deem in their wisdom to be "reasonable." The way of the London reformer is at every point grim and hard.

No doubt it is a better London for the average citizen than that of Dickens, still more than that of Fielding and Hogarth. But it is a London in which, with all its improvements, the life of the poor is held, as in a steel frame, by the vested interests of the rich. Housing, education, public health, all turn upon questions of finance. A local government authority which experiments in realms like these on any considerable scale at once sends up the rates; and since the burden of these falls, in the last resort, upon the occupier, the result is likely to be electoral damnation if experiment is conducted upon too liberal a scale. Not only this. Parliament has devised every possible expedient for delay. A proposal for slum clearance may take half a dozen years before it reaches fruition; and every stage of that delay is a technique intended to protect the interests of property. That is not all. London is a chaos of authorities, the powers between which have rarely any rational basis of division. It is a chaos of areas, and a chaos of powers. It cannot experiment in the field of taxation. It cannot attempt the assumption of any new capacity without going to Parliament for the necessary authority. That is an expensive procedure. In my own borough, for example, the promotion of a bill at Westminster is likely to cost \$20,000 or more—a heavy addition to the rates. And the problem is further complicated by the fact that any bill promoted by a Labor council is pretty certain to be looked upon with suspicion by a Conservative House of Commons. The reader of Mr. Sinclair's admirable pages ought to compare them with the account given of the reconstruction of Moscow in Sir Ernest Simon's illuminating "Moscow in the Making" to realize the price that the Londoner pays for the property system of which he is the victim.

It is the more interesting because, in the sense that New York knows the term, there is little corruption in London government. The general standard of its appointed officials is high. The self-sacrifice of its elected councillors (all of them unpaid) is, in general, notable for the public spirit it represents. Yet, as Mr. Sinclair makes evident, under the system it is not possible to tackle the problems of London as they ought to be tackled. It is significant that only in the epoch since Labor came to power has there come any drive and imagination into the work of government. Mr. Herbert Morrison, as leader of the County Council, is the first man who has made its proceedings significant in the daily life of its citizens. He has dramatized the business of administration in a way previously unknown. Yet even he has not yet made a profound impact upon the dead weight of inertia with which he has to cope. The East End (the poor section) is alive and vivid; but the West and the dormitory areas are insufferable in their easy complacency. Mr. Sinclair's book will make it plain why there is no reason for complacency in a city which claims primacy in

a great service to social thought. Here is the philosophy of a supreme expression of a national life. Its understanding is vital to everyone who would seek to penetrate the mystery of our civilization.

HAROLD LASKI

Sermons in Stones

Tides of Mont St. Michel, by Roger Vercel. Translated by W. Bradley Wells. New York: Random House. \$2.50.

ANDRÉ, son of a yacht builder, and his wife, Laura, daughter of a wealthy manufacturer, are overwhelmed by a colossal recession and are reduced to the necessity of earning an honest living. Their hardships have long begun to estrange them when André obtains a post as one of the Abbey guardians on Mont St. Michel. Under the dominating influence of that place they are driven farther apart and finally, with an extra push from gravity and a glimpse of the ugly head of adultery, they part. Laura returns to Paris while André remains upon the Mount.

At first sight this outline might not seem to provide the structure for the beautiful piece of work which M. Vercel has produced. The story on its human side is almost banal, yet that effect is never given, because the dominating influence throughout, Mont St. Michel and its lovely and treacherous bay, is so strikingly presented.

M. Vercel begins slowly and weakly, with the arrival of the couple during a tremendous nocturnal rainstorm. Rainstorms, when thorough, are lovely events and delightful to write about, but M. Vercel tries to make too much of one. After all, André and Laura are not clinging to the face of high heaven's broken dam but merely climbing a steep path in a heavy rain. The reader becomes impatient to get to grips with the story, and rebels at the anonymity of the two characters, having grasped at once that there is a certain hostility between them. Nor is M. Vercel much helped by his translator in these early pages. There are far too many ugly alliterations and banal phrases of which the French text would permit an avoidance. However, it is fortunate that this disappears as soon as M. Vercel decides to create something of real beauty.

And there is abundant beauty in the book: for example, the pages in which the scholarly engineer Hulard expresses his delight in the abbey. Hulard and André are wandering through the crypts and they come to the tenth and eleventh-century parts of the abbey. "Here everything's virile," Hulard bursts out. "You can have your cloister ten times over for this. . . . Here the stones listen. Up there, all the capitals chatter."

Or read about the fog which sweeps up the bay and nearly kills André, old Docheais and his fisher friends. It was an opportunity for working up excitement, of course, and the reader too runs wildly before the tide that suddenly charges out of the fog. But it is more than this. M. Vercel's fog is not a stage property, a mere damp opacity that might be useful upon various occasions, but a particular fog. One sees the mirage of dark figures running through the mist, one smells its acidity, hears the lap of water and the sudden knocking of the bell on the lost Mount, either vision or

comes through a hole in the fog. The vision of the Mount, either vision or

RALPH BATES

The Golden Gate's Gilded Age

The Big Four, by Oscar Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 436 pages. \$4.50.

IN 1854 THEODORE JUDAH, a young Connecticut engineer, was sent to California to build a local railroad. In that spacious environment his efforts soon expanded to continental proportions. He would link the Pacific Coast with the Atlantic. For the next nine years he toiled unceasingly in California and in Washington to arouse interest and to gain financial support for his project. He was about to admit failure when a little group of close-fisted storekeepers in Sacramento, interested in obtaining a monopoly of the rich trade of the Nevada mines, took stock in his company and the Civil War suddenly made a railroad to the Pacific a national necessity. Judah died before work could begin but, with extravagant gifts of land and cash from Congress, the Sacramento merchants pushed the rails across the mountains to meet those of the Union Pacific building westward, and became millionaire railway kings in the process. In the decades which followed they rounded out their careers by corrupting the courts and legislature of California, building ugly mansions, buying art and literary treasures, founding a university, and in general exhibiting the normal American *nouveau riche* qualities. "The Big Four"—Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins and Charles Crocker—became California's edition of what has been called "the gilded age."

There are two modern ways to write about such men and their activities. The one is to deal with them as "robber barons" who exploited a region and its people in a mad orgy of "rugged individualism" and social blindness. The other is to picture them as the product and expression of an age, now ended, in which commonplace men in the process of occupying a raw continent were skyrocketed to wealth and power and thus became, at one and the same time, pathetic, amusing and dangerous. The second of these ways is that adopted by Oscar Lewis in depicting the group who built the Central Pacific.

Mr. Lewis shows clearly that none of the group had

profanity, swagger and lack of "low cunning" probably procured from Chinese coolies a maximum of effort. But he was a total loss when outdoor action ceased and the work of management began. Stanford was ever something of a stuffed shirt, "low-gearred" in thinking, fond of place and show, and not always above dishonesty. Hopkins never grew beyond the shrewd thrifty levels of the Sacramento store and "became possessed of more than twenty millions . . . against his better judgment." Huntington, while decidedly the most capable of the lot, always viewed a railroad as "merchandise in exactly the same sense as . . . a dozen shovels or a keg of nails." He was never more than a master of "the art of accumulation."

The means to wealth for such mediocrity was supplied by the exploitation of both men and resources and by a goodly amount of plain and fancy political corruption. Crocker added a third factor: "Luck [had] a hell of a lot to do with it." Huntington handled affairs in Washington, and a political machine, with Stanford as Governor and then Senator, controlled California by all the methods known to railroads in the heyday of their power. When necessary to gain larger subsidies the Sierras were moved twenty-five miles nearer the coast. The long arms of monopoly reached out to the mines, the street railways of Los Angeles and San Francisco, the waterfront of Oakland and even to the fruit groves in the valleys. A web of interests held the state in almost complete subjection until the days of Hiram Johnson.

Except for the bad habit of repeating, Mr. Lewis has told his story well. He passes few judgments. He appreciates the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, Stanford University and the Crocker Art Gallery, even though they represent a paltry return of "dollars wrested" from the people by a monopolistic railroad system. He good-naturedly accepts the tragedy due a people who profess to love both liberty and equality, rugged individualism and social justice, and whose development has been so rapid that the virtues of one age have become the vices of another before its actors are off the stage. That is better than calling dead men harsh names.

EVERY CRAVEN

Millions on the March

Labor's New Millions, by Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Modern Age Books. 320 pages. 50 cents.

Sit Down with John L. Lewis, by C. L. Sulzberger. New York: Random House. 164 pages. \$1.50.

IN RECENT MONTHS there has been a steady drizzle of books relating the agitated history of American labor during the past two years—first "CIO: Industrial Unionism in Action," by J. Raymond Walsh, then "Labor on the March," by Edward Levinson, and now "Labor's New Millions" by Mary Heaton Vorse. All three cover approximately the same material—the birth of the CIO, its sweep across the nation, and its stormy victories in the rubber, auto, steel and textile industries. All three conclude with an analysis of the revitalized labor movement, and of its economic, social and political implications. And

content to be just a convention-hall and union-headquarters reporter, she has always somehow got to know individual workers and their families as labor reporters rarely get to know them. Through an intense sympathy, she succeeds in becoming part of the very group she writes about. And as a result, she is able to break down our customary abstractions and figures into their component human elements. If the term did not carry unpleasant associations, she might be called labor's human-interest reporter. To her, it is not just one steel striker who is killed, hidden in the anonymity of a number, but fifty-seven-year-old Jim Eperjessi, whom she saw fired on, point-blank, by deputies. In the same way, a raise of four dollars, the winning of a forty-hour week, a picket line, vigilante terrorism are not mere verbalisms, but facts to be understood instantly in terms of the individual human lives she has come to know so well.

Moreover, as Marquis W. Childs points out in his Foreword, Mrs. Vorse has an uncanny gift for arriving on the scene just when things are happening. With her, you listen to Father Kazinski addressing a meeting of steel workers in Braddock, you march with the sit-down strikers as they come triumphantly out of Fisher No. 2, you go with Scotty O'Hara along a dark street in strike-torn Youngstown and fall wounded by a bullet. It is this sense of immediacy that Mrs. Vorse gives you, a vivid realization of tenseness, of terror, of exultation.

Because of this immediacy, because you cannot take refuge in the aloofness of objectivity or caution or indifference or whatever you wish to call it, "Labor's New Millions" is often uncomfortable reading. It is a record of unspeakable brutality by police, strikebreakers and vigilantes, of the deliberate fomenting of community hysteria by spies and citizens' committees, of the cynical defiance of the National Labor Relations Act by employers. On the other hand, though, much comfort can be got from seeing how an unorganized and oppressed mass of workers found within itself the strength to overcome the seemingly unyielding obstacles to its organization and liberation. Let us hope that "Labor's New Millions," thanks to its low price, will win a large popular circulation. There is a desperate need now for such books to counteract the abundant and skillful propaganda of the hardbitten anti-union camp.

As supplementary reading, I recommend "Sit Down with John L. Lewis," by C. L. Sulzberger, a racy sketch of the leader of labor's new millions. It will take only a couple of hours of your time. In some ways it is an annoying book. For one thing, in trying to keep up a raciness of style, it frequently hunts out the elegant variation no matter what, a kind of strain for strain's sake. Thus Lewis appears as the "crate-chested Demosthenes," and we learn that no "matured precept burst from his hodge-podge mold of experience." For another thing, Mr. Sulzberger, either through design or through error, leaves the impression that the factional strife in the United Automobile Workers is due almost entirely to Communist Party maneuvering, and fails even to mention the Lovestonite influence on the Martin clique. Aside from these occasional irritations, however, here is a revealing informal portrait, full of anecdotes and idiosyncrasies and, best of all, touched up with

Safety Zone

Neighborhood: My Story of Greenwich House, by Mary K. Simkhovitch. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 301 pages. \$2.50.

GREENWICH HOUSE is part of the life of Greenwich Village, on New York's lower West Side. As a Villager, it has been part of my life, too. My young daughter used to revel in the dance-pantomime classes. Both my children fiddled, sang and played the piano in its music school. The white doors of the colonial brick building on Barrow Street are seldom closed. Through them flows the varied life of our neighborhood—children and their parents on their way to and from nursery school and well-baby clinics; young people rushing in and out of the gym, the clubs, the parties; friends from Columbia University, with which the settlement is loosely affiliated; troubled people seeking advice and help; people from the tenements, the coöperative apartments, the pleasant private houses, the Catholic and Protestant churches, the studios and offices—Greenwich House is a landmark, a tradition, and it is also a vital fact in the colorful neighborhood of which for more than thirty years it has been a part.

The story of Greenwich House properly begins with young Mary Kingsbury's interesting New England childhood, and includes her ardent intellectual girlhood at Boston University, Radcliffe and Berlin. It was at the University of Berlin that she met the young Russian student she later married. Her first work was on the lower East Side, and it is typical of her mind and spirit that she proceeded to learn Yiddish, to read Yiddish newspapers, to attend the Yiddish theatre.

In 1902, she moved into "the Jones Street house," after an unhappy attempt to work in another neighborhood house where creed and convention hampered the freedom of the settlement residents and their neighbors.

Through the busy years since 1902, the autobiography of Mrs. Simkhovitch and the story of Greenwich House are a single stream. It is possible only to indicate the rich materials of this main section of the book, the crowded chapters of which tell about the old, close-knit pattern of Greenwich Village, once a genuine village within the great city; the development of workshops where under the old guild plan modern young people learn stonemasonry, iron work, pottery making, sculpture, design; the pioneer studies of community health, mortality, housing, old-age destitution; the flowering of the music school; community plays and pageants; the part played by the settlement in the emergencies of war and epidemic; the coming of the "bohemians"; the changing shapes of neighborhood and family life; the interesting personalities such as Frances Perkins, Amelia Earhart, Carola Woerishoffer, Victor Salvatore, Dr. Hans Zinsser, Benjamin Marsh, Elizabeth Dalton, Henry Rogers Seager, who have had a part in the Greenwich House story.

An increasingly important factor as the story proceeds is the emphasis on the housing problem. Mrs. Simkhovitch's part in the public-housing movement (she is president of the National Public Housing Conference, and a member of the New York City Housing Authority) is a

The telling of this story is by no means expert. Sometimes it is repetitious and often the strands become confused. But in the homespun patterns there are color and life and the honest stuff of real experience. It is a story in which pages of comment and interpretation are more striking than narrative detail.

In dedicating her story to her little grandson, Paul, Mrs. Simkhovitch writes, "This book is for you." It is a good legacy.

BEULAH AMIDON

New Books: A Reader's List

MEDITERRANEAN CROSS-CURRENTS, by Margret Boveri (Oxford, \$5). A study of modern politics centered about the Mediterranean—sometimes brilliantly written and scholarly throughout. Goes deep into the past for illumination of present conflicts in Spain, North Africa and the Balkans. Politically realistic but a bit too lenient with British policy, conceived as "combining national interests with supernational aims for the common ideal."

SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION, by John Blair (Covici, Friede, \$4). An intelligent study of the mechanics of modern capitalism and its fundamental weaknesses. Analyzes the "aggravating trends" which make it impossible for capitalism to provide employment, adjust prices to wages, distribute national income fairly, and at the same time expand according to its own dynamic necessity. Scholarly, interesting and sound.

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SWEDEN: THE MIDDLE WAY, by Marquis W. Childs (Yale, \$2.50). An additional chapter, "Sweden Revisited," enlarges Mr. Childs's already famous account of Sweden as a social fairway by bringing it up to date on prosperity, the Labor-Farmer government, interest from the outside world (disgruntled Americans), interest in the outside world (Great Britain, Russia, the Spanish government). . . . "Where are your poor?" asked the American tourist. "Oh, sir," replied the policeman, "we are all poor, but we don't talk about it."

WE MARRIED AN ENGLISHMAN, written and illustrated by Ruth and Helen Hoffman (Carrick and Evans, \$2.75). The absurdities, dangers and adventurous details of traveling and homemaking in Iraq, where one of the Hoffman twins married her English engineer. More larky for the girls than the reader, but it has new angles of interest.

THE MOON IS FEMININE, by Clemence Dane (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). About two lovers in Brighton, 1803, whose strange, hesitant romance is fanned, then marred and finally shattered by the intrusion of a sea gypsy, half boy, half water-sprite. A gently tragic idyll, as fragile and stylized and graceful as a Japanese painting.

GONE ARE THE DAYS, by E. A. Alexander (Little, Brown, \$2.50). Reminiscences of Syracuse in the eighties, with sighs of longing for the days of bustles and "The Blue Danube," when manners were courtly and unions unknown.

THE ENJOYMENT OF MURDER, by William Roughead (Sheridan House, \$2.50). These reviews of six unsolved British murder mysteries are mainly concerned with the legal aspects of the cases, but show a true connoisseur's relish for a fine murder. Writing, genteel; attitude, duly appreciative of class—but gory details enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty.

Contributors

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GEORGE SELDES is the author, among other books, of "The Freedom of the Press" and a biography of Mussolini, "Sawdust Caesar."

STEPHEN SPENDER is the author of "Collected Poems," "Vienna," "The Destructive Element" and other books of poetry and prose.

EDMUND WILSON has recently published a collection of critical essays, "The Triple Thinkers."

H. R. LENORMAND is the well known French dramatist whose plays have been produced in most of the major capitals of the world. Among those published in translation are "Failures," "Three Plays" and "In Theatre Street."

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